Ex Libris Edmund Irene Andrews
You fool! to seek companions in a crowd!
Into thy room, and there upon thy knees,
Before thy bookshelves, humbly thank thy God
That thou hast friends like these!"

BATH CHARACTERS;

OR

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

Printed by T. DAVISON,
Whitefriars.

Wee thre Bath Deities bee:

Humbug; Follee, & Vanitee.

Old Song

Published Nov.r 25.th 1808. by Wilkie & Robinson *Paternoster Row.*

Bath Characters:

OR

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

BY PETER PAUL PALLET.

WITH SOME OMISSIONS,

AND

MANY ADDITIONS.

THE THIRD EDITION;

EDITED BY TIMOTHY GOOSEQUILL,

NEPHEW OF THE DECEASED AUTHOR.

" Let the gall'd jade wince;
Our withers are unwrung."

Stat nominis umbra.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. WILKIE AND J. ROBINSON,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1808.

EXTRACT

FROM THE REGISTRY OF THE CONSISTORIAL PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.

Codicil to the Will of Zachary Goosequill, late of Grub-Street, St. Giles's, author deceased.

WHEREAS by my last will and Testament, bearing date the 1*st of April* last, (a day of the year in which I have always been accustomed to commence my literary works, and to transact matters of moment and importance,) I have given and bequeathed all my goods, chattels, and credits, consisting, 1st, of the furniture of the garret which I inhabit in Grub-Street, St. Giles's; 2dly, of the arrears that shall or may be due to me at the time of my decease, from the weekly allowance made to me by the booksellers, to whose behoof I

2038618

have engaged my talents, as long as I shall live; and 3dly, of my chest of MS. papers, to my loving nephew Timothy Goosequill, of Petticoat Lane, journeyman-printer; now I do hereby declare, that the said bequest is not an absolute one, but subject to his performance of the conditions hereafter specified; that is to say, Imprimis, That he faithfully discharge all such of my funeral expences as cannot be included within the allowance made *by the parish* for my interment. 2dly, That he honestly liquidate any of my debts that may remain unpaid at the time of my decease; and which cannot be great or numerous, as no one, save Tom Treacle the chandler, has given me credit, since my removal from the *attic* to the *garret* in which I at present reside; and 3dly, That as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, he publish the *third edition* of the *Bath Characters*, a work which I printed last year, under the fictitious name of Peter Paul Pallet, and which he will find in my chest aforesaid prepared for the press, augment-

ed by all such notes and illustrations as I have collected during my long indisposition; together with any additions he may be capable of making to the same, provided they be such, as will not diminish aught from the merit and reputation of the original work. And that he may be the better enabled to make such *creditable* additions to it, I give and bequeath to the said Timothy Goosequill, my *full-bottom'd wig*, in which, for these twenty years past, I have visited my employers the booksellers, and appeared at the literary table in the cyder-cellar, hoping that the use of it may impart to my said nephew a little of the *genius* and *learning*, which its curls have been accustomed to encircle. And lastly, I give and bequeath to the said Timothy Goosequill my *silver ink-stand*, the gift of my loving grandfather, (and lately rescued from the fangs of the pawnbroker,) trusting, that as often as he dips his pen therein, he will be reminded of the *honest labours* of his uncle, who preferred a garret, and the cause of truth and virtue, to

purple, fine linen, and daily sumptuous fare, and the prostitution of his talents, in the service of humbug and vice. And it is my earnest and last request to my said dear nephew, that he will more especially direct the *powers* of the before-mentioned *wig* and *ink-stand* to the *correction* of the *city of Bath*, which offers such an ample field for satire and reprehension, and never cease endeavouring the reformation of its manners, till he have effected the following consummations most devoutly to be wished; viz. cured Ramrod of his *solemn foppery*, and Rattle of his *bare-faced impudence;* taught Mrs. Vehicle a little *modesty*, and infused into Sir Gregory Croaker a scruple of *diffidence;* purged Signora Rattana of her *vanity* and *affectation*, and cleansed Bow-wow from *indecency* and *scurrility;* inspired Sir Clerical Orange with a grain of *humility*, and divested Sour-crout of *peevishness* and *sarcasm;* instructed Borecat in *Latin syntax*, and stripped Mixum of *medical humbug*. That my said nephew can effect any reformation

in the remaining characters I have no hope; and therefore I do not make it a condition of this my codicil, or even urge it as my request that he should exhaust his time and labour in endeavouring to attain the following impossible objects, viz. to inspire Chip with a *sense* of *decency;* to cure Drawcansir of *pride, pomp,* and *bigotry;* purify Gaffer Smut from the filth of the *Warburtonian school,* and teach him *candor, charity,* and *beneficence;* to break Morose of *swearing* and *Scotch snuff;* Vegetable of *card-playing,* and *servility* to the *great;* Sable of *democracy* and *long sermons;* and Skipper of *petulance, conceit,* and *Calvinism.*

PREFACE

TO THE THIRD EDITION.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, Mr. K——, of *Jewish* fame, published a pamphlet, in answer to Thomas Paine's celebrated work, called the *Rights of Man*. The pamphlet, if the *title-page* might be credited, had experienced an astonishing sale; for no less than *twelve editions* of it appeared, by this manifesto, to have already gone off. Extensive, however, as this circulation must have been, the work did not seem to have attracted any degree of public notice, till it became the subject of a *law-suit; Type* the printer, *versus* K—— the author. The defendant, more ready to

write than to *pay*, (a case not uncommon with the fraternity of authors) had demurred most unwisely and unfortunately to the bill of plaintiff, who, probably considering the former as in his power, by the *lie* in the title-page, had *scored him up* somewhat too largely for paper and printing. Type, on this, arrested the author for the amount of his demand, but, nothing astounded by so common an event, K—— put in bail, and defended the suit. The cause, after the regular, simple, and speedy process of declaration and plea, replication and rejoinder, rebutter and surrebutter, motion for deferring trial, &c. &c. &c. came on for determination in the Court of King's Bench, when, after a most admirable opening by Mr. P—l, into "the palpable obscure" of which it was impossible for the jury to penetrate; an eloquent defence by the honourable Mr. E——, which *drew tears* from the court, (particularly that part of his address where he talked so much and so feelingly about *himself,)* and an honest and impartial sum-

ming up by the chief justice, (to which *alone* the pannel was indebted for any idea of the cause) a verdict was given for the plaintiff, for the whole of the damages.—And what dost thou think, gentle reader, the enormous sum amounted to?

Twelve pounds, fifteen shillings, and fourpence, for the paper and printing of 250 copies of the pamphlet in question, being the whole number that had ever been printed of this famous work, which ran through thirteen editions ! ! !

Now, reader, lest thou shouldst think that this *common trick* of the profession has been played off in the present instance, I hereby most gravely assure thee, —and I call as a witness of my veracity, the literary goddess Minerva, the patroness of ancient writers, or (as perchance thou mayest be better acquainted with her) the solemn goddess of *dulness*, the no less benign inspirer of modern authors, that two large impressions of the following work have already been consumed by the taste, discernment, and curiosity of the

public; and that the present is a *veritable third edition*, of a work, which I have no doubt will run through as many impressions, as the celebrated almanacks of the astrological Dr. Moore, or the accurate Mr. Partridge. Indeed, as the characters delineated in it appear, for the most part, to be resolutely determined against all reformation, it will never cease to possess that point and application, which must always ensure popularity to a work of satire; at least as long as its heroes and heroines shall be permitted to continue their career of folly, humbug, and farce, in the great "Limbo of vanity," wherein they at present make so conspicuous a figure. The very circumstance, too, of these ladies and gentlemen railing at, and preaching against* the work, must inevitably con-

* Many efforts were made, as I have been informed, by Drawcansir and Vegetable, to *preach down* the "Bath Characters" and its author; and their pulpits rang for several Sundays after the appearance of the second edition of the book, with affecting discourses on such subjects as the ninth commandment, "Judge not, and thou

tinue to give it currency and renown; though it will in no degree lessen their *ingratitude* to its author, who has kindly put into the mouth of each, more wit, humour, and learning, than all of them together possess. But every day confirms the truth of the old Greek adage;

Αμ' ηλεηται, και τεθνηκεν η χαρις·

"No sooner is the favor conferred, than the sense of it perishes."

With respect to *my* share in the merit of the following sheets, I honestly confess that it is confined to the addition of a few

shalt not be judged," &c. &c. The *seraphic Doctor* (as the schoolmen called Thomas Aquinas) had commenced an elaborate *series* of *discourses*, to prove not only that all scandal, satire, drollery, &c. was very wicked, but that all nice attention to the practices and conduct of our neighbour should be prohibited. His glorious career, however, was checked by a second visit from Lady Lofty, who suggested that these doctrines were not the most agreeable ones to the ears of his fashionable auditors; as they evidently trenched upon the undoubted privileges of *well-bred* people, that of chatting *scandal* of their *bosom-friends*, and *cutting up* the reputations of their acquaintance and neighbours.

notes, and the *omission* of some characters, which (though painted to the life) are too horrible to be brought forward in a work intended for general perusal.

London, June 1st, 1808.

POETICAL INVOCATION

TO THE

TWO MASTERS OF THE CEREMONIES AT BATH.

MONARCHS of *etiquette!* to whom pertain
Sport's glorious rule, and *Folly's* sacred reign;
The proud pre-eminence o'er *Fashion's* crew,
Flirts, fops, and coxcombs, beauties old and new;
Whose *fiat*, uncontroulable, can bid
The *ball's conclusion*, tho' the dance amid,
And, by the power of the *magic watch**,
The sprightly *sons of capering* can catch
E'en in the act of *springing from the floor*,
And bid them *capers cut* that night no more;
Rulers of Tweedle-dum, and Tweedle-dee!
On whose behest depends the *hour of tea*;

* The mode of announcing the *fatal hour* at which the ball is to conclude at the upper and lower rooms, is, by the M. C.'s *holding up his watch;* when, in a moment, as if the *Gorgon's head* had been exhibited, every *fiddler's* arm is *arrested*, and no *further steps taken* for the evening.

Whose varied sway extends o'er *cap* and *hat*,
Now orders *this*, and now prohibits *that** ;
Commands the *lappet*† gracefully to flow
From females fine who tread the *minuets* slow ;
And bids, when these are o'er, the troops advance
To mingle in the mazy *country-dance* ;
To whom belong the ceaseless, simp'ring *smile*,
The well-bred *compliment*, devoid of *guile* ;
The pliant *bow* ; the ready He ! he ! he !
And all the forms of *Bath civility* ;
The soft *kid-glove* ; the thickly-powder'd *crest* ;
The bright *medallion* flaming on the breast ;
Depending, decent, from the button-hole,
With emblems designating high controul‡ ;
Protect an humble scribbler, who pursues
With timid footstep, *Anstey's*‖ deathless muse ;

* The difference between the *dress* and *fancy* balls, as they are called, seems to be this, that at the *former*, ladies can appear only in *particular cloathing*, at the latter in *any* cloathing, or *none at all*.

† On the benefit nights of the M. C., when the ladies are indulged with minuets, such females as wish the distinguished honor of this exhibition, add, to the other decorations of their *well-furnished* heads, a pair of *long lappets*.

‡ The gold medallion for the M. C. of the upper rooms displays on one side the figure of *Minerva*, symbolical of the *wisdom* requisite for the office ; with the inscriptions, *Decus et tutamen*, (signifying his being the *fountain* of *honor* and guardian of the fair) and *Dulce est desipere in loco*, or, *the rooms are proper places to play the fool in*. The medallion worn by the M. C. of the *lower rooms*, has on the obverse, a *Venus* almost *naked*, with the motto, *Venus decens*, alluding to the *degree of cloathing* which will be considered as *consistent with modesty*.

‖ The witty author of the *New Bath Guide*.

For once regard a *poet-aster's* call,
And smile benign on *your admirer Paul.*
  But let me *individually* address
With homage due each *single mightiness;*
Nor group such *lofty characters together,*
Like *asses* coupled with the *self-same tether;*
Or surly *beagles,* snarling at the chain
That binds, with single link, their collars twain.
  First then, to thou, whose widely-sweeping rule
Includes Bath's *crimson seats**, and Chelt'nam's humbler
stool†,
I lift my lay, thou *second best of kings!*
Reigning supreme o'er *cold* and *tepid springs;*
Presiding, with a kind divided care,
O'er female *motions* here, and female *motions* there!
  And thou, who in *subordinate career,*
Direct'st, with equal glory, pleasure's *lower sphere;*
Ordering, with self-same *gravity of face,*
Th' important points of *partners, tune,* and *place;*
Whose busy eye, the *active feet* among,
Now tells that *this* is *right,* and *that* is *wrong:*
Who go'st, when *Cancer* reigns, from Bladud's pumps,
To watch, at Margate, ladies wash their ———:

* Alluding to the superb furniture of the upper rooms.

† I am inclined to think that a droll *double entendre* lies concealed in this word. My uncle was a *funny* man: he had been at Cheltenham, experienced the efficacy of its waters himself, and seen their influence upon others; and his mind was full of associations, produced there by the impressions which had been made upon his *different senses* by the *effects* of these salutary springs.

EDITOR.

Monarchs of all that's *great*, and *wise*, and *fair*,
Oh! singly and united, hear my pray'r!
Complacent on my learned labours look;
Bid all your *subjects purchase Pallet's book*;
Protect its pages from each envious storm,
And PATRONIZE THE CHARACTERS YE FORM!

PROŒMIUM,

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

GENTLE READER,

WE have discovered in our profound literary researches that in attacking folly and vice, *ridicule* is oftentimes a more useful instrument than grave reprehension:

Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res;

and that the lash of *satire* will penetrate to the feelings of *those* whom the most serious remonstrances would not put to the blush.

Frequent sojournments in *Bath* have convinced us, there is no place within the dominions of our liege Lord the King, which so much requires the application of such a caustic, as this populous city; where vanity reigns triumphant; and folly, humbug, and

imposture, carry their heads too high to be reached by any other weapon than the shaft of ridicule.

This conviction has induced us to volunteer our services in the cause, and prompted an endeavour to encourage *virtue*, by raising the laugh against her *adversary*. It has emboldened us, to commit, for the first time*, our effusions to the press; and

* I know not whether it proceeded from the innate *modesty* of my uncle, who was in truth a very diffident man, or from his *fear* of encountering the critics in *propria persona;* but so it happened, that all the publications with which he favored the world (and, as his profession and sole dependence was authorship, they must have been *numerous* to have supplied him even with salt and cheese) were dismissed from the press under *fictitious names*, and with some little circumstances in the preface, that might interest the compassion of the reader; such as, "that it was his *first effort* in print;" that "he was compelled to publish by the *intreaty of his* friends, &c. &c."— A surly critic might call this proceeding disingenuous; and accuse my relation of a falsity in his first pages. But I will be bold to say, if his Exordiums contained an untruth, they were the only parts of his works to which that charge might be applied; as he scorned the common practice of modern writers in this respect, poets, historians, and biographers, that of stuffing every page with

to send them out as adventurers upon the stormy ocean of the world. Not, indeed, without a palpitating heart; for we have often been ready to condemn the rashness of our determination; and to exclaim with the foolish Corydon,

> Eheu! quid volui misero mihi? Floribus austrum
> Perditus, et liquidis immisi fontibus apros.

But as we had entered into a creditable service, and resolved to challenge the same honor which Cleland attributes to Pope, "not to write a line of any man, which through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interest, we should be ever unwilling to own," so we have been able to conquer our alarms, and to present our *virgin muse* (if there be one whose tutelage extends to dialogues), *intacta puella*, to the public. Far be it from us, therefore, to deprecate *candid* criticism, or to crave aught at the hands of the reviewers, save *justice seasoned*

sentiments that never were felt; transactions that never happened; and events that never occurred. EDITOR.

with mercy. Against *one* set of censors only we beg leave to put in our eternal protest —the wretched hirelings of the A—i J—n Review, who have neither *sagacity* to detect blemishes, *taste* to discover beauties, nor *liberality* to bestow the fair meed of praise on any writer whose principles are not in unison with their own mean, confined, and despicable opinions*.

POSTSCRIPT.

Though we cannot venture to assert with a great wit, "that the sentiments of our speakers are so peculiar, and the touches of character so masterly, as to preclude the necessity of a *key;*" yet we flatter ourselves that our *sketches* bear such a resemblance

* How offensive is truth to those who have no taste for her charms! Even this *just representation* of the publication in question, and its conductors, so inflamed the indignation of the A—J— reviewers, as to destroy the little good-breeding they possessed, and excite them to give my uncle *the lie!* But he, good man, only smiled at their incivility, and contented himself with the reflection that the abuse of *such men,* is the most *unqualified praise.*

EDITOR.

to their originals, as will enable the reader, without much consideration, to *put the cap upon its right owner* throughout. Should the *likenesses*, however, prove less striking to others than to ourselves, we beg that this ill-success of the painter may not be attributed to our having accompanied the portraits with circumstances which do not belong to them; as we pledge ourselves, that almost every anecdote is legitimately connected with the person of whom it is told, and that most of the incidents introduced are genuine facts.

London, November 1st, 1807.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

Ecce iterum Crispinus.

IF Peter Paul Pallet were to profess himself otherwise than exceedingly delighted at the demand for a *second Edition* of his *Dialogues*, he would justly incur the suspicion of having been longer and more deeply initiated into the *mysteries* of *authorship* than he affirms himself to be; and of having acquired that *ultimate* trick of the profession,

That last, best refuge of an author's art* ;

an *apparent contempt* of criticism, whilst its infliction produces the most poignant anguish; and a *seeming indifference* about the

* "That last infirmity of noble minds."
MILTON.

fate of a book, which its writer would give a little finger to hear had become popular, and met with a *good sale*.

As Peter however is too great a novice in the triumphs and sorrows of publication, either to feel, or affect an apathy, which nothing but veteran experience can produce, he does not scruple to avow his satisfaction at the success of his first essay, nor to congratulate himself on his having excited that attention in the Bath public, which his correspondents there assure him has been manifested.

That the *Dialogues* should have occasioned much indignation and bustle in the *high-life parties*, amongst those *things of fashion* which throng the more elevated walks of polished society, and disgrace and deform it by their folly and their vice, is indeed a consummation which Peter devoutly wished; though his *modesty* (for a *young author* may be supposed capable of possessing even *this* quality) would not permit him to *expect* it. The canvas was intended to present likenesses that should

abash pride, and mortify vanity; and it is no small gratification to the painter, to discover that he has not, in *this* respect, failed in his design. The *whip* was merited; and, "thanks to the gods, its thong has done its duty."—But, on the other hand, though he exults in the information that vice and imposture, coxcombs of both sexes, and vain pretenders of all professions, have felt the severity of his satire, yet nothing would have given him more serious uneasiness, than to have been obliged to consider himself as having, in any one instance, put *virtue* to the blush, or wounded, in the slightest degree, the feelings of *honest worth*. Unknown as Peter is to every one, and the sole depositary of his own secret, he may venture, without the imputation of *vanity*, to assert*, that he has too true a taste for the charms of *moral beauty*, in whatever characters they appear,

* If I am a vain man, my gratification lies within a narrow circle; I am the sole depositary of my own secret, and it shall perish with me.

JUNIUS.

ever to contemplate them without admiration, or mention them without respect; and rather than dip his brush in the gall of unmerited censure, or the poison of slander, he would instantly throw it from him for ever. He deeply feels the sentiment of the poet, and cordially joins in his execration of every attack upon moral excellence;

"Curs'd be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
Which tends to make one VIRTUOUS MAN my foe."

If it be thought that he has been *too hard* on the callings of divinity and physic, let it be remembered, that as these vocations are more fully *peopled* than the other walks of professional life, they therefore present a proportionably greater number of subjects for the application of the satyrist's caustic.——The EXEMPLARY DIVINE, and the SKILFUL, HONEST, AND HUMANE PHYSICIAN (and many such may be found in Bath), are, and always have been, sacred and honorable characters, and justly considered, not only as beneficial, but as es-

sentially necessary to society; characters too respectable to be exalted by the eulogy of an anonymous author, or rendered ridiculous by his satire. They carry themselves far above the reach of the light arrows of wit, and may smile at every vain attempt to diminish their credit or lower their dignity. But not so with the HOCUS POCUS of these professions. The scourge will easily reach *them*, and they ought to smart under its infliction. *They* have no claim to the *mercy* of the satyrist; nor can they bid *defiance* to his ridicule, because their pretensions are false, and their object is delusion: for as neither POMP nor PRIDE, BIGOTRY nor PROFLIGACY, can constitute the ΑΜΥΜΩΝ ΙΕΡΕΥΣ or *blameless priest;* so it is neither DASHING IGNORANCE, nor SOLEMN IMPUDENCE; a wee bit of SCOTCH PHELOSOPHEE; a smattering of HUME'S METAPHYSICS, nor even a large portion of MODERN INFIDELITY, that can convert a stupid, or pert empiric, into an ΗΡΩΣ ΜΑΧΑΩΝ or *excellent medical practitioner**.

* The author is anxious, also, that it may not be thought he means to ridicule the praise-worthy exertions

Ιατρος γαρ ανηρ πολλων ανταξιος αλλων.

Which, in spite of scholiasts and editors, critics and grammarians, he will boldly translate,

"A *good* physician is the best of men."

of *modest* industry, in any profession or department, by any strokes of satire which occur in the following dialogues. Men raising themselves from a subordinate to a higher station in society, by a steady attention to the duties of their post in life, are exemplary characters, and will always command the respect and esteem of the good and wise. Neither is it a reproach to any one, that he has not been endowed with the higher gifts of the mind, nor blessed with the advantages of a liberal education; it is only when *success* produces *insolence* that it deserves castigation; when *ignorance* is *pert* that it becomes disgusting; and when *dulness* assumes *importance*, that it holds itself out a fair mark for the shaft of ridicule.

POETICAL INTRODUCTION

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

SCENE.

THE PUMP-ROOM.

Enter the Bath Characters.

RAMROD.

LADIES and gemmen, you're aware
Of what has caus'd our meeting here.
A scribbler vile, with saucy quill,
Whose satires eighty pages fill,
Has dar'd, with TON to play the fool;
And turn'd our *sports* to ridicule.
Say then what punishment shall fall
On him who has abus'd us all?
But that due CEREMONIES may
Mark the proceedings of the day,
I take the liberty to state,
A PRESIDENT should regulate
The agitations of debate;

And beg SIR GREGORY to name,
As duly gifted for the same.
All.—The vote we second, and declare
Sir GREGORY must take the chair.

SIR GREGORY.

Excuse me, sirs, the envied sitting,
You'll find one more the chair befitting.
Let Mr. Rattle take it first.
—Well, if I MUST submit, I MUST.

RATTLE.

All, Mr. Chairman, I've to say,
Is, LAUGH and be LAUGH'D at, that's my way.
The dog is droll; his jokes are true,
Tho' he's attack'd both me and you.
Then let us join the general roar,
And soon of PAUL you'll hear no more.

MRS. VEHICLE.

I can't approve of RATTLE'S notion;
Nor (spite of sex) REFRAIN a MOTION.
Had PAUL steer'd clear of CARDS and PLAY,
My vote had been as mild as May;
But since he talks so much of TRICKS,
I think he should be drown'd in Styx.
To little BUFO of the crescent,
The book I sent, by way of present:

And begg'd, for Heaven's sake, he'd try
Its reputation to descry*.
The pigmy hero hurried down
Like light'ning to the lower town,
And told, in fury, as he posted,
How cruelly his friends were *roasted*.
"'Tis wretched Billingsgate," he said;
But spite of all the book was read.
"'Tis most determin'd defamation:"
This only urg'd it's circulation.
In LETTER† then I begg'd he'd hint it:
But nobody, alas! would print it.—
Since, then, our *art's* of no avail
To crush the book, or spoil it's sale;
The sentence I've pronounc'd should fall
On it's most wicked AUTHOR, PAUL.

* Many unjustifiable measures were adopted for this purpose, but they all failed of success, as the present third edition sufficiently testifieth. Repeated provocations will at length stir up the most forbearing spirit, and the persecutors of my work may excite even my mild temper to indignation, and induce me, by their persisting in a course of ungenerous hostility, to change my mode of castigation; to take a *scalping-knife* in the room of a *razor*, and *flay* instead of *shaving*.

† An anonymous letter, addressed by the *pigmy hero* to the printer of a Bath Weekly Journal, containing the monstrous proposition that a work of light satire deserved the judicial censure of the magistracy of the city, was likely to incur the neglect and contempt it met with: surely the writer of it had forgotten, that he every week makes it part of his petition that the MAGISTRATES should MAINTAIN (not oppose) the TRUTH.

SIGNORA RATTANA.

Dear madam, surely you're too tender
Of such a rude and low offender.
I'd tear the wretch's eyes out quite,
With vision gone, he'd cease to write,
Nor more distinguish betwixt RED and WHITE.

LADY NETTLE.

Oh! for a good sharp cobler's AWL,
To PIERCE this persecuting PAUL!
Or Lady's corking-PIN, as large
And long, as mast of trading barge;
I'd introduce it AT HIS TAIL,
And on it's point the wretch impale.

SIR CLERICAL ORANGE*.

Pardon me, ladies, if I raise
Objections to your several ways;
All *modern* modes of punishment
Are far too mild for his intent.
In *ancient manuscripts* I read
That Marsyas *alive was flay'd.*
Be this the sentence then, I vote,
"To skin him quite from toe to throat;
"And, the more torture to produce,
"To rub him o'er with LEMON juice."

* This is a profound antiquary and learned clerk, famous for his *intimate acquaintance* (if you will believe himself) with ancient and modern *great men.*

LADY LOFTY.

Pray, ladies, let the reptile dash on,
Nor discompose us STARS OF FASHION;
We soar above such low-bred elves,
For we GIVE LAW UNTO OURSELVES:
And disregard the musty rules
That bind the minds of vulgar fools.
Say, GENTLE DOCTOR, am I right
To view the case in such a light?

DR. VEGETABLE.

Might lasting silence seal my tongue,
Could it pronounce YOUR LA'SHIP WRONG!
No! in your humble servant's eye,
RANK IS INFALLIBILITY.

DR. FADDLE.

A truce with civil protestation,
And mind the culprit's accusation.
The blackguard fancies he's been witty,
With DOCTORS, WHELPS, and SPERMACETI.
Could we but once in MORTAR fix him,
Wouldn't you POUND him, neighbour MIXUM?

MIXUM.

Oh! should the caitiff chance to pop
His head into OUR LITTLE SHOP,
With PILL and PURGE I'd soon be at him,
And teach him, that without his LATIN,

I could administer a DOSE,
Should soon his merry labours close.

THE REV. MR. CHIP.

P—x take your doses, drugs, and pills,
Promoters, more than cures of ills:
They'd only the curs'd varlet teize,
And not eradicate disease.
For of all *maladies* (which *you* delight in,
Because they bring the frequent doit in)
There's none so bad, as *itch of writing*.
No! hand him over to the *church*,
And he sha'n't leave *us* in the lurch.
We'll *properly* the Pagan handle,
And *curse* him, "with bell, book, and candle*."
Scoundrel! with *sacrilegious* eye,
To peer into the *sanctuary*,
And what he saw *behind the veil*
To fabricate into a tale;
And then expose, in satire pointed,
The *merry tricks* of the *anointed*.
Did he not know (a stupid beast!)
The *privileges* of a *priest*.
How, in those blessed Romish times,
When *natural failings* were no crimes,
The parson, tho' a *wife* forbidden,
(For reasons that are better hidden)
Might, like a modern *Turkish beau*,
Maintain a *whole seraglio*†.

* Alluding to the ancient ecclesiastical mode of anathema.

† It is unnecessary to remind the learned reader of the monstrous indulgences allowed to the clergy, in this particular,

He thinks, that *noble game* he's started,
Because I from my *rib* have *parted*,
And introduc'd, into her room,
Two fairer objects to my home.
The vulgar dog believes a wife
Must be a burthen for one's life:
Nor e'er has heard the *well-bred* cry,
"Marriage is but a *civil tie*,
"That may, when stale, at any time
"Be separated without crime."
Since then he's dared to attack *the cloth*,
And stained *ecclesiastic worth*,
I vote, for conduct so uncivil,
He strait be tumbl'd to the Devil.
What! how now, Bow-wow? rouze, and *try*
To *speak* for our *fraternity*.

BOW-WOW. *(Hiccups.)*

I wish you'd tried this wicked sinner
An hour or two BEFORE MY DINNER.
I'd made a speech for the occasion,
A little FIVE-MINUTE ORATION:
But now (p—x take the wine) I can't
Call back a single word I want.
Let SABLE then take up the ball,
He's GAB enough to serve us all.

SABLE.

Yes, chairman, and I think I've reason,
Tax'd as I am with PREACHING TREASON;

during those centuries which are emphatically called the *dark ages*.

And, what's still worse (confound his tongue)
In SERMONS of an HOUR long.
Would I could meet him, he should try
The FORCE of my DIVINITY.
I'd dye him quickly to MY hue,
And beat him BLACK, as well as blue.
What tho' the PAGAN dare to quizz
My Sable melancholic phizz;
What tho' he impudently cry,
" Dick preaches foul DEMOCRACY;
" And forces luckless, loyal sinners,
" To hear his rant, and spoil their dinners:"—
On the *broad basis* I'll rely
Of " GENUINE CHRISTIANITY."
Tho' " PLEASURE" still retain her sway,
And routes increase from day to day;
Tho' still resound " WAR'S" brazen notes,
And *peaceful cits* still wear *red coats*;
Tho' still the nation yearly get
A fresh addition to its " DEBT;"
In spite of all my ill-success
Such crying evils to redress,
I'll still attack with *honest rage*,
The " REIGNING VICES" of the age*.
But pray, amid this general stir,
What says the LAMB-LIKE DRAWCANSIR?

DRAWCANSIR.

Oh! for an INQUISITION FIRE
To broil this most infernal liar.

* See W——r's occasional Sermons.

You GAFFER SMUT should blow the BELLOWS;
Whilst those two active LITTLE FELLOWS
The GEMINI, I'd place to guard him,
And now and then to TURN and LARD him.—
I! build a CHURCH to SAVE the POOR!
And keep an ALM'S-BOX at my door!
'Tis false as HELL: my ZEAL I shew
In better ways than these, I trow:
For, whilst a METHODIST'S alive,
And SECTS and MEETING-HOUSES thrive,
My thoughts are all employ'd, I own,
To KNOCK one up, and t'other DOWN.

Trio.—GAFFER SMUT, AND THE GEMINI.

Whate'er your HOLYNESS should say
We'd execute without delay.
Proud of a PATRON so NOTORIOUS;
For ZEAL and ORTHODOXY glorious,
We'd glad fulfil what you've decreed,
Without expecting other MEED,
Than, what would all our toil beguile,
The favor of your HEAVENLY SMILE.

COUNSELLOR MOROSE.

D—n—n seize ye all for fools!
The iron strike before it cools:
Drag the dog up to NISI PRIUS,
Or, d—n him, but he'll roast and fry us.
The public think his satire good;
And he'll not stop, G—d d—n his blood,

Unless with LATITAT we fright him;
Or, what is better still, INDICT HIM.

DR. SKIPPER.

Come, come, old CRUSTY, don't be rough:
Paul has flogged NONE of you ENOUGH.
Yet ALL I see have felt his hits,
And hate the CAP, because it FITS.
I like his satire for my part,
And wish him well with all my heart;
Because his arrows he lets fly
Only at VICE and VANITY.
Let him omit the CATS and EGGS,
And HOGSHEAD underneath my legs;
With two or three such trifles more;
The *market-place*, and *play-house door* * ;

* Extract from the Bath Herald of Friday, 13th Nov. 1807.—"DR. SKIPPER accquaints the author of the BATH CHARACTERS, that he has not stuck to truth always, as he promised in his preface. Ridicule is no test of truth; though ridicule sometimes opposes superstition and enthusiasm more forcibly than solid argument. The Doctor is obliged to him for bringing him forward as a powerful adversary to DRAWCANSIR; but he does not tell truth when he says, 'he preached in public market-places in Wilts and Somerset, and was pelted with dead cats, dogs, and rotten eggs.' This he never did in the days of his greatest zeal. He has indeed preached seven times a week, for three months together; and four times a week for four years, at a chapel well known in this city, and an hour at a time;—a good example to his brethren, who preach only a quarter of an hour once a week! He never stood near the playhouse, or the rooms, declaring to those who entered it that it was the downward road; but he has exhorted his hearers not to go to those places of amusement. Here

And spite of DRAWCANSIR and YOU,
I'll swear that all he says IS TRUE.

he had the laws of God and man on his side; for those places, in times past, might have been presented as illegal at quarter-sessions, and put down; now, indeed, they are licenced; but whether they have mended the morals of the people, Dr. SKIPPER appeals to the judgment of such of his brethren as frequent such places."

Chapel-Row, Nov. 12.

DIALOGUE THE FIRST.

SCENE.

A PORTICO NEAR ALFRED STREET, BATH.

Enter Mr. Ramrod, and Tom Rattle.

Rattle. TOLL loll de roll loll de roll, loll de roll loll.

Ramrod. Do my ears and eyes deceive me, or is it my old friend Tom Rattle whom I now address?

Rat. The same in sober truth, my dear Ramrod, "and your poor servant ever."

Ram. I protest the sight of your phizz is quite a cordial to me; a very ophthalmic; a cure for distempered vision. But pr'ythee, Tom, where hast thou concealed that comical face of thine for these last three

years past; and from what region dost thou now come?

Rat. [*sings*] "Oh I've been to countries rare;
Seen such sights 'twould make you stare."

I come, Ramrod, from rambles to which the travels of the wandering Jew were but a morning's lounge, and the journeyings of the tempest-tost Ulysses only an evening's saunter—Surfeited with fiddling and cassino; meagre petit soupees, and stupid family-dinners; with Monday's lies, and every day's scandal; with Tragedy torn to rags, and Comedy turned Billingsgate; with political preachers, and preaching politicians; with pert vanity, and impudent ignorance; I turned my horses' heads, one morning about three years ago, towards the mountains of Wales; with the determination to breathe for a while a pure invigorating æther, and to court the charms of unsophisticated nature, upon my jointure farms in Glamorgan, and amongst the simple tenantry who cultivate them.

Ram. And have you slumbered ever since, with the cattle of your pin-fold, and the poultry of your farm-yard?

Rat. Oh, no! believe it not; the dull jokes of the vicar, and the stale news of the apothecary, soon drove me from my retreat. I escaped one morning from the threatened persecution of these assassins of all patience, who had anticipated my hospitality, and *invited themselves* to dine with me; and crossing St. George's channel in a cock-boat, at the hazard of my life, I landed safely in my own dear country, which I had not visited for almost half a century. But oh, poor Milesia! how wast thou changed in the interval? What with suckling her *mother* on the other side of the water, and being squeezed and milched by her *children* at home, her landlords and parsons; what with *internal* complaints which convulsed her bowels, and *external* bruises from the hands of her ungrateful parent, she was so chop-fallen, woe-begone, and debilitated, that the very sight of her threw me into a fit of the blue devils, and obliged

me again to decamp, almost as soon as I had set my foot on my native shore.

Ram. And whither did you bend your course, when you quitted our poor, dear, unfortunate country?

Rat. "To Sawney's land I then repaired," and mortified my flesh for a few months on oatmeal and haggis. But faugh! my olfactory nerves have scarcely yet been purified from the mephitic effluvium of "sweet Edinburgh oh!" The laddies are, however, upon the whole, a *gude* people; merry as crickets in spite of their *phelo-phee;* and abundantly hospitable, for you are ever right welcome to their houses, if your errand there be not to beg or borrow. Their *ceveleete* too is proverbial, and every one's spine is incurvated by continual *booing* *.

* My uncle has here, I think, been rather too hard upon a nation, which, in its moral character, as well as in its natural scenery, presents much both to admire, and to praise. Frequent opportunities of studying the Scots, as individuals, and in their collective capacity, have induced me to form a very different opinion of them

Ram. Ha! ha! ha! The same facetious fellow as ever, I find. Tom Rattle to the end of the chapter. But did your Scotch expedition finish the ramble?

to that which my venerable kinsman entertained. I have full often witnessed their benevolence, and more than once felt their kindness; and am compelled both by observation and experience to declare, there is a great deal amiable, estimable, and excellent in their character. Where shall we find another people amongst whom literature is so generally diffused, religion so nationally respected, and morality so universally practised, as by the Scots. It is true their history, like the history of other kingdoms, presents acts of public atrocity, and scenes of national disgrace. They have disowned a Mary, and betrayed a Charles; but such eclipses of national glory have been rare and transient; and should be forgotten in that blaze of fame which their love of liberty and virtue throws round their public character. If Caledonia produce the unseemly *thistle*, she can also boast her tulips and her lilies; her gallant chiefs and her lovely virgins: and let it never be forgotten, that though she has given birth to a Lord V——t M———e, and an old G——e R——e, yet she has made ample amends to the world for this monstrous progeny, in the splendid crowd of heroes, philosophers, historians, and poets, of past and present times, who hail her for a mother.

EDITOR.

Rat. Yes—like Linco, in the song, tired of wanderings that furnished me with nothing so pleasant as what I had left behind, I resolved to return to my former quarters, which, after all, "is the only place in the world," as Quin used to say, "for an old cock to go to roost in." Here I commenced my campaign about ten days ago; and have already made the tour of all that's to be seen, save the dominions with which you have been invested by the abdication of their former monarch.

Ram. Well: and what improvements do you find to have taken place amongst us during your absence?—The CLUB—*

* From some loose papers which I discovered at the bottom of my uncle's chest, I have reason to apprehend he had meditated a distinct work on the havoc made on the happiness of society, by these fashionable places of resort; or, as he strongly described them, "these assemblies of mingled knaves and fools." The papers contain many excellent observations on that destruction of conjugal felicity; those breaches of family-comfort; that ruin of domestic peace; and that beggary of helpless children, which so frequently result from gentlemen attending these houses of *public pillage;* as well as many

Rat. Oh! name it not for pity's sake—Nothing but long faces and empty pock-

interesting anecdotes to prove the truth of his observations, and an animating appeal to the magistracy of the country to put in execution those laws against them, which the wisdom of the legislature has provided for their suppression. As the papers, however, are too voluminous, and too unconnected to be here transcribed, I shall merely insert two facts from them, which appear to relate to the club in question. I remember, says my uncle, some years ago, the chearful and amiable *Hilario*, a generous West Indian, with a heart as warm as his native sun. Seven children surrounded his table, which was always crowned with plenty, and ever offered a hearty welcome. A friend, in evil hour, persuaded Hilario to accompany him to the club, that cave of death. He played, and was successful. He went again, and was again a winner. His attendance became now regular; and after the play of two seasons, he found himself a ruined man, and was compelled to quit his house and country; to forego the fair hopes that had opened upon his rising family; and retire to the small portion of his West India estates, which an adverse *run of luck* had left him, that he might by careful industry and rigid frugality regain a small portion of that wealth, of which he had robbed his children by his folly and imprudence. *Florio* was gay and expensive, and had already involved himself in debt by his dissipation, when he, too, by his *cacodæmon*, was introduced to the

ets—"a waste and howling wilderness," naked as Eastern Prussia, and *drained* as dry as Holland. Every *rook* pigeoned; and every knowing-one taken in. Lord *Patterboard* had just paid his *friends* there a visit, and introduced a *new jerk of the elbow* of his own invention; thrown *six-ace* nine times running; swept the table with the rapidity of one of Buonaparte's marches; and set off again for London in his post-chaise and four, carrying away in his pocket every *rouleau* the house could muster.

Ram. Ha! ha! ha! Diamond cut diamond, with a vengeance. The NEW THEATRE, however, would not be so barren of amusement to you.

club. After two nights' *amusement*, the *plunderers* carried off almost every shilling he possessed. He found means, indeed, to satisfy most of his *debts* of *honour*, but his *just* creditors clamoured in vain for payment. Being a member of the senate, he was secure from arrests till the dissolution of Parliament, when, not being again returned, he found himself compelled to seek refuge in a foreign land from a host of debtors, to which his ill fortune at the *club* will for ever prevent him from doing justice.

Rat. Worse and worse, a very Fantocini. Punch and his puppets in a gilded shew-box. With all these *attractions*, however, it was "desolate as the dwelling of Morna;" but though I caught an ague from the damp solitude of the place, I could not help applauding the taste of your townsmen, for leaving this royal company of comedians to my *exclusive entertainment.* Oh! sacred spirit of Henderson! and thou, laughter-moving shade of the elder Edwin, whose talents were unfolded on the *then* genial stage of Bath! how would rising choler convert your own ambrosia into bile, could ye behold your buskin and your sock usurped by *pigmies*, and degraded by buffoons; *old women* sporting *Euphrasias;* and pert *misses* personating tragedy queens! I mean to suggest to the manager, who have wisely chosen the immortal Mr. Flockton for their model, to *get up* a tragedy, with kittens for the *Dramatis Personæ;* and to engage the merryandrews of all the neighbouring mountebanks, for the *lighter pieces* brought forward

at their houses. In pure vexation of spirit at my disappointment, I oscillated from the play-house to the church, and have run the gauntlet through all the *public places* of this description in the city.

Ram. With equal edification and entertainment, I doubt not. *Here* I think we can boast—

Rat. Oh! in truth, a great deal that could not be found elsewhere—Croaking ravens; chattering jays; and devouring cormorants—Black-headed fanatics, and white-headed "dreamers of dreams."—The aqua-fortis of mob politics; and the mawkish slip-slop of modern divinity.—Rank Cayenne-pepper, and genuine powder of post.—No, Jack; in this too, as in every thing else, you are on the descent;

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem.

'Twas bad enough in former days:
'Tis worse *now*, ten times over.
If the next race don't mend their ways,
No one will bear their bother.

Ram. A melancholy picture indeed of our present state and future prospects. But your *old* favourites the *fair*, would make amends for the decline of every thing else amongst us.

Rat. You say right, Jack: all my favorites, now, *are old*. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ:* hence this long face. Grey hairs, my friend, maugre high spirits, are powerful non-electricks; *bad conductors* of the subtle flame. No; I must be content to sing, with one of Ossian's heroes, "Gone is my strength in the war, and fallen my pride amongst women."—There *was* a time, indeed, when I made a figure with the sex, and could select from my list of conquests a fair specimen of every degree of rank, from the duchess to the spouse of the squire. But—*fuimus*—Jack! all my credit for successful gallantry has been extinguished, and my ardour in the chase been gradually evaporating, ever since that very unseasonable *phlebotomical operation*, which was performed upon me by Dick Merryman, some years ago. A little *Linnet*, you know, was the subject of our dispute. We went out

to settle it; he pinked my doublet as full of holes as a school-girl's sampler, and completed my obligations to him by carrying off the bird to his own nest.—But, d—n it, don't make me melancholy by recalling past grievances to my recollection.—I'd fain turn to gayer subjects; and, in the first place, congratulate you, Jack, on your translation from the *nether* to the *higher* sphere — from the *nadir* to the *zenith;* from the *Cercle le Bas*, to the *Cercle de la Haute;* from the ill-dressed squabs, and old-fashioned quizzes of the lower town, to the jewelled dowagers, and naked beauties of the upper regions.—All hail! thou worthy successor of a long list of *kings*, extending from old Bladud to thyself inclusive. May'st thou rival the immortal Nash in popularity; and may thy reign surpass in fame, splendor, and *profit* (which though last, is not least, I presume, in your estimation) the most prosperous of the august princes who have swayed before thee the imperial sceptre of Bath. Oh! how I envy thee the smiles of the misses,

and the good word of their mammas. Oh! how delightful must be—

Ram. Fair and softly, my dear Tom! This is not the first time that your fancy has played the fool with your reason; and your imagination left poor reality in the back ground. All is not gold that glitters, Rattle. 'Tis true,

> "I am *monarch* of all I survey;
> My right there is none to dispute:"

but, alas! I, like other sovereigns, find that the lap of dignity is not "a bed of roses," nor *royal* power the path to ease and peace. Besides, my *kingdom* is an *elective* one; with revenues entirely depending on the pleasure of a turbulent and dissatisfied people. It is held, too, on the terms of a complete accommodation to the *public will;* and I am every moment liable to deposition by a convention of the *Tier Etats*.—Our American campaigns, Tom, were sport to the labours which are now heaped upon my shoulders, by the return of every season—"Smiles of the misses,

and good words of their mammas," forsooth—Why, man, 'tis as much as I can do to preserve myself from being sometimes tossed in a blanket by these capricious dames. If men happen not to be as thick as hops; or, if they *vote a back front to the fire* instead of dancing, the girls immediately grow glumpy, and vent their spleen on poor Pilgarlic. On the other hand, should young miss, because she's as ugly as a horse, or as clumsy as an elephant, find no one so blind or good-natured as to offer his hand for the evening, the mother lays the blame on *me; bridles* up like a turkey-cock, and protests *I* am the most inattentive ill-bred wretch alive. Smiles of the *misses*, indeed! Why these little devils are the greatest plagues I have. They acquire such a cursed share of *impudence*, amongst other advantages of a *Bath education*, that 'tis only by the most despotic exercise of my *kingly* authority, I can keep them in any degree of order: I've tried to put them *out of countenance*, but the devil himself could not do *that*, I

believe. Aye, this comes of their *children's balls* as they are called, Tom; where from eight to eighteen years of age, they are brought out annually to be stared at, like a horse at Tattersal's, or a picture at the exhibition*. You see they are almost

* My uncle has not exaggerated in his account of the havock produced on the *natural diffidence* of the female character, by the *children's balls* of this elegant city. Two or three years ago, a family party were amongst the large crowd that assembled at Sidney gardens, on the morning of a public breakfast. In the general bustle of the place, the daughter of this worthy citizen and his wife, a fine girl of twelve years old, had separated from her anxious parents, and was not to be found. After searching for her for some time, they observed a large circle gathered round the orchestra: fearful that some accident had happened to their darling, and that this might be the scene of it, they hurried to the place, and forcing themselves through the crowd, they beheld, to their astonishment and confusion, the young lady herself, footing away to the music (in the midst of the applauding circle), with the utmost *sang-froid*, the very figure-dance which she had exhibited at the upper-rooms on the preceding evening. My uncle, it seems, had always entertained a strong antipathy to a *Bath education* for females; in which phrase, he did not include the mere routine of the scholastic discipline, but

as naked as *Titian's Venus.* The *chemise* and petticoat have been long dis-

that introduction *into life*, as it is called, which makes a part of this system: in other words, the initiation of young ladies into fashionable company, expensive gaities, and public dissipation, at a time of life when their passions are most uncontroulable, and their judgment most weak; a plan, which, in his opinion, was fraught with the most fatal consequences to the female character. It cannot be denied, indeed, that the *manners* of the place, which facilitate, in an unexampled degree, the intercourse between the sexes; the variety, spirit, and uninterrupted recurrence of its amusements; and the circumstance of *diversion* being the *occupation* of every one's time, and the *subject* of every one's conversation, in this great temple of pleasure, combine to endanger a girl's principles, destroy her delicacy, efface her modesty, weaken her morals, and render her every thing she ought not to be. That these were almost the *necessary* effects produced on females, even by a temporary sojournment (much more by a regular education) in the place, unless under the careful eye of cautious and well-principled parents, was deeply impressed upon my uncle's mind; a conviction, which the following anecdote, to which he was eye-witness, assisted, probably, to strengthen. A few years ago a particular friend of his, who had made and saved a large fortune in Cheapside, by industry and parsimony, was advised to send his wife, a great invalid, to Bath, for the benefit of its waters.

carded; and the most decently dressed amongst them, can't boast of more than half a dozen yards of muslin to cover her.

Sophia, their only child, accompanied her mother in the expedition. The bells were rung on their arrival; the cards of the masters of the ceremonies were left; and, after a few days of repose, Miss Lutestring was taken to the ball. A worthy knight of Tipperary, having ascertained her birth, parentage and education; present possessions, and future expectations, solicited her hand for the evening, under the sanction of an introduction by his friend, the *master of the medallion*. Miss granted his request, and was *delighted* with her partner. *Tuesday* morning he met her on the *Crescent Promenade*, and begged to attend her in the evening at the *play*. The *concert* on *Wednesday* evening afforded him another interesting interview. She could not miss the *cotillion ball* on *Thursday;* nor be absent from the *dress ball*, at the Lower Rooms, on *Friday*. As *all the world* would be at the *play* on *Saturday*, Miss Lutestring must of course attend it also; and the *Grand Chapel* on *Sunday*, the very hot-bed of assignations, afforded the attentive Hibernian an admirable opportunity of another appointment. By this time he had made great progress in the lady's affections; and Sophia began to be persuaded, there could be no happiness but in the arms and *dare* country of sir Murdoch O'Flam. In short, the preliminaries of an elopement were adjusted, when my uncle, who happened to be in Bath at the time, and had

Rat. Aye, Jack, I *do* see 'em; and if I hadn't ceased to *blush* ever since I was five years old, my colour would rise at the sight. It wasn't so when we were *young*. The women *then* left something to the *imagination*. *Fancy* was permitted to supply a little; and a Bath ball-room didn't exhibit the appearance of a butcher's shambles, with nothing to be seen but *naked* joints. D—n it, I think it would be a good plan to raise a fund by subscription, in order to enable you *monarchs of pleasure* to supply your subjects with *clothes*.

Ram. Why, man, they wou'dn't wear a rag of 'em, if I were to import all the articles of Monmouth-street here. A worthy gentleman from the north of England, who

watched the proceedings of the gallant, dispatched an express to town, beseeching his friend, if he wished to save his daughter from *transportation*, to come instantly to Bath, and trundle her back to London. The affrighted mercer immediately set off; heard the particulars of his daughter's amour; and put her into a post-chaise for Cheapside, on the very morning that sir Murdoch had intended to have treated her with an excursion to Gretna-green. EDITOR.

shivered at the sight of so many *unclothed* beauties, tried last season to work some reformation in this respect; but without any good effect. To be sure his plan for the purpose was neither very delicate, nor very likely to succeed. He marked those who most nearly resembled Eve in her state of innocence, and stealing slyly behind them, distilled a little *saliva* upon their uncovered backs. Zounds! I thought "chaos was come again," when the fair ones felt the *shower;* and what increased the confusion was, not a *pocket-handkerchief* could be found.

Rat. Why, what the devil had become of them?

Ram. Oh! our female fashionables have rejected these *superfluities* for more than a year past. Some few, indeed, there are, who do not yet entirely renounce them: but, as they wear *no pockets,* they are obliged to *carry* them in their *hands* whilst walking; and most *delicately* to secure them when sitting, under *that part* from whence they can with *least ease* be stolen. In the gene-

ral confusion that ensued in consequence of the Scotchman's attack, the few pocket-handkerchiefs possessed by the company had been *purloined;* and I was obliged, *ex officio,* to supply the suffering fair ones with my own *ball-night cambric one.* But to go on with the inconveniences and perplexities which my lately-acquired dignity has accumulated upon me.—All mistakes in *precedence* are mortal sins; to prevent which, I am under the necessity of studying the red-book daily for two or three hours. Nor does this close my diurnal labours. When I go out, I must *know* every body; *smile* at every body; and *bow* to every body, I meet; so that I suffer the tortures of perpetual rheumatism in my shoulder, from the incessant motion of my hand to my hat; and find the utmost difficulty in preserving my *military perpendicularity* from the innumerable obeisances which my post demands from me. Oh! that I were the inhabitant of a wig-wam, and a hunter of beavers amongst the uncivilized Esquimeaux! Believe me, dear

Tom, it would be a state of luxury and ease compared with the severe services which my present honors exact.—But don't you recollect some of your old cronies amongst those who are coming in?

Rat. Yes, surely, Jack, a great many; and none better than that *tun* of beauty, dear Mrs. Vehicle, who is sailing up the passage, supported like a nobleman's coat of arms by her amiable sisters, the virtuous widow on one side, and the angelic Miss Speakplain on the other. By my soul, the same roses play upon her cheeks now that bloomed there three winters ago; the *natural* tint of that identical *patent rouge* which she has enamelled her face with for these twenty years past. Her gait and presence, too, are still the same—*Vera incessu patuit Dea;* she yet boasts the enchanting waddle of a *Dutch Venus;* and the modest brow of a *Tower-hill Diana.* Ah! Jack, would you but take a few lessons from my old friend, at the science of *shuffle and cut*, you would not rise so frequently from the *board of green cloth* as

you now do, with pockets in which the Devil might dance a saraband without injuring his shins against their contents—I have known her be so *fortunate* as to *deal* four honours nine trumps to herself, three times in the course of one rubber; and not *cut* a higher card to her adversary than a *three*, during the whole evening. Sensible of her talents, and of the impropriety of hiding them in a napkin, she chose Bath, independence, and the profits of her own *good luck*, in preference to a country parsonage, conjugal controul, and limited pin-money. Her *caro sposo* meanwhile wisely retired to his living; and now blesses himself on his escape from *false deals*, *odd tricks*, and *nothing* by *honours*.

Ram. Why, Tom, thou art as unsparing as an angry Mohawk. Do, for heaven's sake, let me lay this spirit of satire, and bring thee into good humour, by the sight of something that shall unbend thy risible muscles.

Rat. What! my little self-sufficient acquaintance Sir Gregory Croaker; the inti-

mate friend of *Pshaw Allum* (who, by the bye, used him but *scurvily* in the end), and *perpetual chairman* of all the meetings into which he can thrust himself. And pray who so fit to manage the business of others, as he who took such admirable care of *his own?* I once attended a *poor* committee in the times of scarcity, when this *diffident* little gentleman had, as usual, with infinite *difficulty*, been *prevailed* upon to accept the office of president.—"Order,"—cried he in the voice of a frog afflicted with a cold —"Gentlemen, we are met for the purpose of considering on the means of providing the poor with a sufficient supply of a certain necessary article called bread. Now I believe we must all be convinced that the scarcity of this article arises from a wicked *monopoly* of wheat. But don't be in too much hurry on the occasion. Evils of this nature, as I am convinced by *my own experience*, will cure themselves. All we have to do in the business is to prevail with the poor to act on the defensive, and just to *fast* for *one short fortnight*. The

monopolist will take fright at the *deadness* of the *market*, which this suspension of consumption will induce. He must pour in his stock, in order to get rid of it. The price will tumble to nothing, and the poor may then fall to, and fill themselves upon their own terms."

Ram. A truce to anecdote for a moment, whilst I direct your attention to the noblest *Tuscan* pillar of our Irish church.

Rat. What, my jolly old crony, *Doctor Mixall; rosy* as a ripe *tomata*, and *round* as his own right *orthodox wig;*

> " With Atlantéan shoulders fit to bear
> The weight of mightiest monarchies!"

Awful and huge he treads the ground, like one of Bruce's moving pillars of sand! What a dark and deep abyss he carries before him! the grave insatiate of turtle and turbot; red mullet and John Dories; haunches and pasties; claret, port, and home-brew'd ale!—But his good-humour alone would keep him at twenty stone, were he to cease

larding himself for a month to come. Well, peace betide thee, worthy, kind, facetious Doctor. May thine appetite hold out another half century; and when at length thou art united to thy parent earth, may the turf lie lightly on thy *stomach*,

Tenuem et sine pondere terram
Spirantesque crocos et in Urnâ perpetuum ver;

may'st thou *melt* gently into rich manure;

"And fat be the gander that feeds on thy grave."

Ram. Amen, I say with all my heart; for when he's gone "we ne'er shall see his like again." But lower the tone of thy voice, Tom, and soften thyself into sighs and gentleness. Dost thou not see who is approaching us?

Rat. Ah! the queen of love, by all that's enchanting.

Where'er she turns, the graces homage pay.
With arms sublime that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:

O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love."

And so they have done, you'll tell me, for these five and thirty years past; for so long has the divine Signora Rattana been the cynosure of Bath circles; the queen of hearts and diamonds; the patroness of solos, duettos, trios, concertos, and full pieces; the *rallying point* of singers and fiddlers; fluters and harpers; players upon the trumpet, sackbut, dulcimer, and *all kinds of instruments* *. See with what sweet sere-

* This lady claims the high praise of being first upon the list of those *worthies*, the generous patrons and patronesses of *music*, who have diffused a sort of *harmonic mania* through Bath, and converted it into one *grand orchestra*. *Sol fa la* is now become the epidemic disease of the place; insomuch that it is observed, that they who have breathed its atmosphere for any time (like the unfortunate *Abderites*, who, when once infected by the fever which *Lucian* mentions, continued till the next winter, under the *influence* of a *tragedy madness*, απαντες γαρ ες τραγωδιαν παρεκινηθητο—αχρι δε χειμων.) become so impassioned with the *gamut*, as to talk, think, and dream, as long as they remain there, of nothing but concerts and musical

nity of feature, with what unmoved tranquillity of muscle, she, swan-like, sails

pieces; singing men and singing women; the *powers* of Signor Wiggonini; and the *divine shake* of Madame Catsqualli. Had the taste of Rattana and her associates in the cultivation of the *ti-ti-dum* science been pure and correct enough to lead them to the encouragement of *that* species of it (of which the works of the *ancient masters* would have supplied both the theory and the example) which elevates by its grandeur, and charms by its simplicity, it had been well. They might then have congratulated themselves in having given a *manly tone* of character to a place which they have now converted into a second *Sybaris*, where the *rumpled rose-leaf* is sufficient to disturb repose; and the noise of a *hearty laugh*, to overpower the *nerves*, and produce *hysterics*. My uncle, who reprobated in the strongest terms the *corruption* of modern music, and like Plato, Aristoxenus, and Plutarch of old, bitterly complained of it as the copious fountain of national effeminacy, immorality, and vice, had prepared a note on the subject amongst his papers, which probably was to have been introduced into *this* edition of the Bath Characters. For what part it was intended I know not; but as it will *dove-tail* very well into the present note, I will without further ceremony incorporate it therein. "The power of music, in forming, or at least influencing character, is universally observed; and it is equally well known, that the *inordinate cultivation* of this art has a tendency to

along! Ha! ha! ha! You know the cause, Jack, I suppose, of this inflexible steadi-

degrade the individual, and corrupt, effeminate, and vitiate even nations which are too much addicted to it. These effects were sufficiently exemplified in ancient Athens under the last periods of her history; and are now to be seen in modern Italy. It was from a contemplation of this tendency of music to emasculate the mind, and rob the character of its manliness and dignity, that Plato banished it from his republic; and the ancient Egyptians prohibited it by their laws: ως αν εκθηλυνεσαν των ανδρων ψυχας, Diod. Sic. "because it converted men into women." The frivolity of manners and effeminate spirit of dissipation which characterize Bath, may perhaps be traced to a similar cause; to that passion for music, that unexampled patronage of the *fiddle-stick*, which renders this place the completest *menagerie* in Europe, of performers on every musical instrument, from the organ to the Jew's harp. Conversant, as I am, with the *folly* of human nature, I have really been struck with wonder to observe the sacrifices of time, money, and good sense, that are here made at the shrine of harmony. Often have I seen the health of young people ruined, and their forms distorted, in acquiring a *longer shake in alt*, or a quicker movement of the fingers, than their equals in age and situation had attained, whilst every species of mental improvement, and all acquirements that could render them either useful or respectable, were in the mean time wholly neglected or

ness of face? For gad, my boy, 'tis compulsory:

> " Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
> Compel" her to preserve this look demure.

A *laugh* would inevitably *crack* the enamel of her face into fifty " chasms, dire, discontinuous;" and the gentle dew of *tears* would *dissolve* (not the hearts of the beholders, but) the various dyes which bespread her countenance; mingle them into the most horrible confusion of tints; and produce a complexion, unmatched by any of the varieties of hues which are to be found in either hemisphere. She was,

despised. As I was one day complimenting a celebrated military musical amateur in Bath on the execution of one of his daughters on the *piano-forte;* " Yes," replied he; " the girl certainly plays well; and indeed she ought to do so, as she and her sister have, for these last six years, practised *seven hours every day.*" Strange, thought I, that so large a portion of their lives should be thrown away in acquiring an art, which, if they do *not* marry, will soon cease to attract, and if they *do*, will be speedily forgotten.

however, *once* known to shed the precious drops of sorrow, maugre the ruin of her *facial* crust. A fit of the cholic had attacked her lap-dog.—"Send for Dr. Faddle instantly," cried the distracted fair one.—"Oh, my dear doctor, I am ruined for ever: behold the sick Fidel!"—Faddle [*aside*]: "Curse this little son of a bitch, this is the *second time* I've been *call'd out of my bed* to prescribe for him. Never distress yourself, my dear madam; a purge and a blister, a bleeding and clyster, a *solution* of *silex*, and a blast of *phlogiston*, will again set all to rights."—"Ah! no, doctor; 'tis too late, I fear. Even *your* skill is ineffectual. Behold the suffering angel! See, he struggles, kicks, and—oh, oh, oh!"—Faddle [*aside*]: "Gad so, I verily believe here's *another* of my *patients* gone. D—me if I know how to *break* the event to her.—Here, water; hartshorn; brandy; aqua-fortis!—Look up, I beseech you, my dear madam: be comforted; be composed. I have still consolation in store for you. Believe me,

it is not in vain that I have studied the *arcana* of chemistry. Know, by its power, madam, I can convert the departed Fidel into a lump of *spermaceti*—the chandler will manufacture it into *tapers*—and you will thus have the happy opportunity of *light'ning* the gloom of affliction, whenever its *clouds* shall overcast your mind."—Ha! ha! ha!—But do I not see the dear Mrs. Broadbottom coming towards us? She seems in a most tempestuous state; what can possibly have ruffled the customary harmony of her spirits?

Ram. Oh! she's recounting to Mrs. Tattle an adventure which befel her in my *head quarters* here last week; and converted them into a scene of disorder that equall'd the confusion of Virgil's cave of Æolus, or Milton's realms "of chaos and ancient night."—Lady *Nettle* had secured a seat for herself and her absent friend, which she was carefully preserving by her *petticoat spread* over the vacant corner of the bench. Mrs. *Broadbottom* in the mean while, who had been in all parts of the room fifty times

in the course of the evening, tired with the weight of her own charms (for you know she is a *Haerlem beauty)*, popped herself suddenly into the reserved seat, in defiance of the *index* of its being pre-engaged. "Madam, I must beg you to rise," said Lady Nettle; "this seat belongs to another lady."—"Madam, it was empty before I occupied it."—"That may be, madam, but I am keeping it for my friend, and insist upon your leaving it."—"Madam, I shall not relinquish that which is mine by the law of possession."—"Then curse me, madam, but I'll dislodge you." So saying, Lady Nettle plucked a pin from her waist, and, quick as thought, lodged it, hilt-high, into *that part* of Mrs. Broadbottom which had *most offended,* but which being unprovided with the *organs of vision,* was unable to secure its soft and penetrable surface from the dire attack. The injured lady started up with the agility of a flea; screamed loudly; and fell into a succession of faintings and hysterics: whilst the company having *examined the wound,* and

heard the aggression, formed themselves into two different parties of *pinners* and *rumpers*, and like the Guelphs and Ghibelines of old, disputed the cause of their respective heroines with so much noise, acrimony, and violence, that it was with the utmost difficulty I could save my dominions from all the horrors of a *civil war*.

Rat. Ha! ha! ha! I don't know, Jack, which of the ladies had most *justice* on her side; but it's manifest that Lady Nettle was the *better logician* of the two; since she had certainly taken the *broadest* ground for her argument; and enforced it by the most *pointed* reasonings. It is not the first dispute, indeed, that has been settled by deductions *a posteriori*. But pr'ythee, dear Jack, step a little on one side; or you'll be involved in the atmosphere of *Scotch snuff* that always floats around the serene, benign, and sweet-featured countenance of counsellor *Morose*, whom I see just coming in. My last conversation with him, though a short one, had well nigh occasioned my death, from the convulsive sternutation

which was produced by the cursed impalpable powder that he throws up his nostrils by spoonfuls.—"*My dear friend,*" said I, "I am happy to see you."—"Fair and softly, Mr. Rattle," replied he; "I have been man and boy now for 70 years, and yet I never met with any one who, in my judgment, had a right to address me by *that title.*" And I firmly believe he spoke the truth; for, from infancy to age, he has been like a porcupine, with a quill pointed in every direction, and ready to be discharged against any one who approached him. His father begot him in a thunderstorm; and his mother produced him during a hurricane. His first articulate words were an execration; and at the age of nine months he deprived his old nurse, by a blow, of her only remaining front tooth. He chose the law as a profession, because it promised him the pleasure of *eternal opposition;* and, after half a century of squabbling, left the bar, because he discovered that he was become *ridiculous*, instead of continuing to be only *irritating*.

He is such an admirer of primitive simplicity in *speech* and *appearance*, that he was never yet known to say a *civil* thing to any one; nor to be seen *clean*, even by accident, during the whole course of his life: and he is so earnest for the character of veracity, as never to advance the most simple proposition without confirming it on *oath*. To bear the scales of justice, however, with an even hand, and "give the devil his due," it is but fair to mention, that he was once betrayed into a *smile*, by the *repartee* of a *client*. Being concerned in the defence of a celebrated character indicted for sedition, he had just put his hand into his bag for the brief, and was rising to reply to the counsel for the crown, when, to his astonishment, the prisoner handed him over a note, saying that he had determined to *plead his own cause*. Morose, with his usual *conciliating* way, answered the billet in this argumentative manner; "If you do, you'll be hanged;" to which the prisoner, struck with the cogent reasoning of the barrister, quickly

retorted in a third billet, " I'll be hanged if I do." To the surprise of the court, the muscles of Morose's visage were relaxed with a smile; he rose up in something bordering upon good humour, pleaded the defence, and the prisoner was acquitted.

Ram. Well said, Tom; a story never loses any thing by your being the relater of it.

Rat. Nay, I protest to you 'tis every tittle true, as *old Hircus*, who is shambling this way, could inform you, would you but consent to the application of *his mouth to your ear* for one short quarter of an hour. All hail! thou honour to the priesthood; sin in canonicals, and gallantry at 86!

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerat.

Who could suppose that " this lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

With hose a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice
Tun'd once again to childish treble,"

should still be the votary of the *Venus publica*, and as deep in promiscuous intrigue as any rakehell of 25! But pray, my dear Jack, who is that *portly* lady just stepping out of her chair?

Ram. Oh! the empress of the upper crescent; Madam de Villarois: proud as Lucifer, and vain as a monkey in a scarlet coat. She had nearly excited an insurrection amongst my subjects some time ago, because on *my night* I inadvertently introduced *a London hair-dresser in disguise* to her daughter, as a partner; and suffered her son to dance with a *lady's maid*, who had borrowed for the evening her mistress's clothes. But I must be at my post to receive her, or she'll kick up another devil of a dust.

Rat. *Allons donc.* Toll loll de roll loll de roll, loll de roll doll.

DIALOGUE THE SECOND.

SCENE.

THE LOBBY OF THE GRAND CHAPEL IN BATH.

Enter Dr. Vegetable, and John Snorum his clerk.

Dr. Snorum!

Sno. Your reverence!

Dr. Has Lady Lofty yet been here?

Sno. No, your reverence. I have only seen Fringe the upholsterer, who called in just now with some patterns of Brussels' carpets for the recesses by the altar. The postman also left this letter as he passed.

Dr. Humph! Drawl's hand, I perceive. As usual, I suppose, a request to remit him his half year's salary a month before it's due. Let me see. [*Reads.*]

" To the Rev. Dr. Vegetable, rector of Fatlands, Somerset; vicar of Pencrag in the Wolds; and proprietor of the grand chapel in Bath.

" Humbly sheweth;

" That your petitioner has been now fifteen years curate of the said parish of Pen-crag; an office which he has served with diligence and fidelity. That during this period he has preached 390 sermons, and as often read prayers; married eleven couples; christened 63 natural, and 14 legitimate children; churched 7 women; and buried 20 corpses. That in the said service he has walked 7090 miles; worn out 30 pair of shoes; 28 pair of yarn hose; and 5 pair of buck-skin breeches; to say nothing of the wear and tear of sundry hats, coats, waistcoats, and shirts. That in recompence of said labours he has received the sum of 80*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.* (including his annual stipend of five guineas, and 1*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.* surplice fees.) That from the commencement of his service as curate to the present time, his family has increased from two to thirteen children; a burthen which he finds himself unable to maintain,

notwithstanding he has enjoyed for several years the advantages of three other curacies as lucrative as that of Pen-crag. That he has gradually been obliged to banish every thing from his table, except oat-cakes, potatoes, and butter-milk; but is concerned to find it is entirely out of his power to provide his family longer with these *comforts*, unless the reverend gentlemen who employ him shall be graciously pleased to make some little advance in his *wages*. That, in consideration of these circumstances, he takes the liberty of humbly craving an addition of *forty shillings* per annum to his stipend, as curate of Pen-crag; for which advance, if his intreaty be complied with, your petitioner will ever consider himself as bound to be grateful.

"SIMON DRAWL."

[*Aside*] What an impudent extortioner the fellow is. He thinks, I believe, that I am made of money; or pick up gold as I walk the streets. Forty shillings, forsooth! a pretty advance in times like these! however, the chap's too useful to me for a

trifle to separate us; I must be content therefore to *split the difference.* But, Snorum, has Varnish finished the job?

Sno. Yes, your reverence; but he wished to see you before he went. He has a pretty device, which he thinks will give the chapel a gay and chearful air, fit for its *quality congregation:* to run a border of *carmine* (for this, he says, will *harmonize* with the *ladies complexions)* round the inside of the cupola, and relieve it underneath by a wreath of *myrtle leaves,* done after nature (an allusion, he ordered me to tell you, to the *Venuses below);* or if you dislike this, he recommends a cornice in the Egyptian or Etruscan styles, as he calls them; a sort of ornament now *all the go* in drawing-rooms and dining-saloons; and which, he says, was very common in *places of worship* also, a great while ago, in countries a great way off.

Dr. A cunning rogue; he's more an eye to the length of his own bill, I believe, than to the gaiety and chearfulness of my chapel. No, Snorum; these are not times for more expence in decoration than the

refined taste of my *audience* absolutely compels me to incur. When taxes are so pressing; poor-rates so high; and curates demands so exorbitant; we must have some regard to œconomy in our proceedings. Indeed, I have been thinking, Snorum, that as all places of public amusement have raised their terms of admission, a very fair precedent is before me of adding somewhat to the present *moderate* prices of accommodation *here*. Let me look at one of our *cards of invitation*. Ay; [*Reads.*]

" *Single sittings* at the grand chapel.

Recesses with *fires*.

Year, £3 3 0.—Six months, £2 10 0.—One month, 12s.

All other recesses.

Year, £2 2 0.—Six months, £1 16 0.—One month, 8s.

Pews.

Year, £1 5 0.—Six months, £1 1 0.—One month, 6s.

A few pews in the gallery.

Year, £1 1 0.—Six months, £0 15 0.—One month, 5s.

Benches.

Year, £0 5 0 Month, £0 1 6.

N. B. The half of all yearly sittings to be paid every six months. Sittings for any shorter period to be paid for at the time of taking them.

N. B. That the *company* may be perfectly *select*, no tradesmen, livery-servants, or poor people, admitted."

Yes; I think I may conscientiously follow the example of the managers of the New Theatre, and lift up my prices a little; and as my very loyal audience cannot possibly object to any hint adopted from government, we will e'en clap *ten per cent.* upon our present prices, and alter our cards accordingly. But, heark'e! that's Lady Lofty's knock; open the door immediately, and shew her into the chapel.

Enter Lady Lofty.*

Lady L. Your servant, Dr. Vegetable.

Dr. Madam, I am your Ladyship's most obsequious, obedient, and very humble servant. I have been anxiously expecting your Ladyship's arrival for the last half hour, that I might submit to the refined

* This character represents a *species*, rather than an *individual*.

taste of your Ladyship, before I opened my chapel to the public gaze, some little alterations already adopted; as well as intreat your Ladyship's valuable opinion on a few further ornaments and additions. Your Ladyship will perceive that a much more *becoming light* than heretofore is now thrown into the chapel, which we may call (if you will allow the *pun)* the *new light;* he, he, he!—that the *softened* hues of the coloured parts are now more *favorable* to the *female* face; that the *carpets* are of the best Brussels' manufacture; the *sophas* stuffed with eider-down; and the *fire-places* so contrived as to preclude all noise or interruption to the preacher, how often soever they may be stirred during the service. Not however that I would arrogate to *myself* the *merit* of such admirable additions to the accommodations of my chapel. No, far be it from me, basely to steal the *palm* of *genius* from another's brow, and place it on my own; or to conceal from your Ladyship, that I am indebted for these ideas to the *exquisite taste* of Thomas Hope, Esq. who, in his late valuable ten guinea folio on the

important subject of *household furniture*, has *furnished* me with every hint which your Ladyship perceives to have been lately adopted and embodied in my improvements. Oh! 'tis a most ingenious work; truly acceptable to the learned world; and marks the lofty mind, and grand conceptions of its author, who in these times of *safety*, *content*, and *peace*, can turn a deaf ear to the voice of *pleasure* that echoes round the land, and scorning low concerns and trifling topics, lift his aspiring thoughts to subjects so *august*, *sublime*, and *edifying**.

Lady L. Why, truly, doctor, I must candidly acknowledge that I am acquainted with no place of worship which is so well calculated for *genteel* people to say their prayers in as your chapel. Here is every contrivance for warmth, ease, and repose; and the company is select, well-

* Vide Edinburgh Review for a masterly account of this wretched mass of pompous absurdity.—*O! si sic semper!* Oh, if it were always so; if they would let fall their heavy thong only on solemn foppery, dull pedantry, and perverted taste.

bred, and well-dressed*. In general, too, the mode of performing the service is grace-

* That the most exemplary precautions are adopted in order to prevent the *genteel hearers* of these fashionable preachers from being offended by the presence of *vulgar* society, the following fact will sufficiently manifest. In a certain *theatrical chapel* situated in one of the rectories of Bath, the offerings made at the altar were so considerable, that the rector (who, by the bye, should not be mentioned without a tribute of respect to his amiable and exemplary character) deeming it to be both his right and his duty to see to their *proper application*, insisted upon it, that the churchwardens of the parish in which the chapel stood should attend at it whenever the sacrament was administered there, to receive the alms and oblations, and distribute them amongst their legitimate objects, the poor of the parish. A seat was accordingly provided for these church-officers in the chapel, in which they and their wives were accommodated at every monthly sacrament. The spouse of one of them, being desirous of gratifying a neighbour with a sight so much out of the *common way* as a fashionable chapel, invited her to accompany her thither one Sunday. Her friend, an industrious tradesman's wife, accepted the invitation gladly, curious to learn what *sort of rites* were performed in these magnificent pagodas. Wonder at the *man of silk*, and his *shew-box*, and surprise at the *odd way* in which the fine people said

ful, agreeable, and judicious. No violence; no scolding; no terrifying stories about hell and the devil, as one meets with in vulgar parish-churches; but a gentlemanly softness in manner, and a tender respect

their prayers, effectually prevented any serious associations from rising in her mind. She sat, however, till the congregation was dismissed with a benediction, a *graceful bow*, and a *sweet smile;* and then returned to her own dwelling, fully resolved never to put her foot into the doctor's fashionable chapel again. It was unnecessary, however, for her to have formed any determination on the subject. A prohibition against her intrusion had been issued from another quarter; for, on the ensuing morning, the doctor waited upon the churchwarden's wife, and thus addressed her: "You are sensible, Mrs. So-and-so, that you enjoy a seat in my chapel, in right of your husband, who is churchwarden, for the time being, of the parish of St. M——. So far all is well, and I have no objection to your presence there once a month. But I must insist upon it that you do not introduce any plebeian company into the pew. I don't know that my nerves ever received so severe a shock as yesterday morning, when I saw your friend Mrs. Toyman as one of my hearers; and beheld my congregation petrified with astonishment and horrour, at the unusual phænomenon, of a *person in trade* amongst an audience, that is never contaminated with vulgar society."

for polite ears in language, highly becoming your situation as proprietor of a *fashionable chapel.* I must, however, take the liberty of informing you there have been some *exceptions* to the usual tenor of pour performing the functions of your office here. More than once have my ears been shocked by harsh animadversions on certain *trifling irregularities* in high life; and by unfounded censures levelled at the haughtiness of the *great.* For my own part, I never could see any great harm in the *faux pas* of a fashionable husband, or wife, who are never even suspected of having a grain of attachment for each other; nor perceive that *people* of *rank* were more proud than the *filthy canâille.*

Dr. I am inexpressibly sorry to have incurred your Ladyship's disapprobation even in the slightest degree, and would rather have been dumb for ever; nay, what is still a greater sacrifice, would sooner renounce the dear delights, and delicious refreshments *, of Mrs. Vehicle's

* It may seem strange that a venerable doctor should enumerate these "delicious refreshments," route-cakes,

public nights; the interesting agitations of cassino; and the exquisite reverses of my favorite whist*; than wittingly utter any

macaroons, and such like fal-lals, amongst the serious attractions of a card-party. But be it known to my readers, that the gravest divines may have a *sweet tooth*, and sometimes even sacrifice *consistency* for a *sugar-plumb*. To illustrate this, take the following anecdote. In the times of scarcity, a certain doctor had preached a sermon, in aid of a charitable fund to be applied to the benefit of the poor. He had eloquently described their sufferings; forcibly appealed to the compassion of his audience; and recommended them in the strongest manner to restrain their own luxuries; to œconomize their tables; to be frugal in the use of flour; and not to consume this great necessary in *expensive niceties*, and fashionable delicacies. On the ensuing night, the divine, as usual, was planted at the first card-table of Mrs. Vehicle's party; when, to the astonishment of some of his auditors (who were present) and the interruption of all around him, he was heard at every interval of the rubber, continually vociferating, "Why don't you bring the cakes to this table? We have had no macaroons for this half-hour: I believe they don't mean to bring a single jelly to us to-night!"

* The 75th canon prohibits ministers from playing at dice, *cards*, &c. under pain of ecclesiastical censures.

sentiment that could give your Ladyship the least offence. Cards and routs; plays and balls; and all the innocent amusements of the gay world, which ill-bred fanatics denounce with so much harshness, your Ladyship knows I carefully abstain from the mention of.—If I have been guilty, of late, of such a breach of *good manners* as your Ladyship alludes to, it must have been purely accidental, as these are topics which I had determined to avoid, ever since the commencement of the *last season*, when I received an *anonymous note* on the subject (to which, if the *hand* be *genteel*, I always pay implicit deference) and resolved, from that moment, no cause of complaint, on the same score, should thenceforth be given. Your Ladyship cannot doubt my attachment to those elegant *visitors*, who do me the *honor* to be my hearers; or my earnest desire to give them every *satisfaction* in my power. Your Ladyship knows that I have more than once offered to comply so far with *common prejudice*, as to have *my chapel consecrated*, but your

Ladyship and others thought it would savour too much of *vulgar superstition.* Your Ladyship is aware too, that in order to cut off all possibility of offence, I proposed, some time since, to adopt in the performance of my functions the practice which obtains with the preachers at the *theatrical chapels* in the west end of the metropolis, that of *using no text,* but what had previously been chosen by a certain number of the *heads* of their congregation; nor delivering any *discourse,* unless it had first passed the *revision* and *purgation* of this *select committee.*

Lady L. Pardon me, Doctor; I give you ample credit for the very best intentions to please us; but, at the same time, lament that your *judgment* does not always second your wishes. What but an entire absence of that faculty can account for your having neglected the rules of *precedence* in the ordinance of last Sunday morning, and attended to Lady Carmine before me, who am her *superior in rank.*

Dr. Again I have to beg your Ladyship

ten thousand pardons. Till this moment I really thought that Lady Carmine's name preceded that of your Ladyship's in the court calender. Your Ladyship must know that I am exceedingly particular in this respect also. On that very morning I had passed by four commoners, to give that preference to your Ladyship which is so justly your due: and you may also recollect, that antecedently to adopting my regulations for excluding the *canâille*, when an insolent tradesman was approaching the table before your Ladyship, I put him back, saying; "Stand on one side, fellow, and let your *betters* be first served*."

Lady L. [*simpering.*] Yes, Doctor, I well recollect that instance of your *good breeding;* and request what I have now said to you may rather be considered as a *hint* than a *reproof.* As such I trust you

* A circumstance of this kind happened, a few years ago, to one Burchall, a carver and gilder in Bath. "The sturdy rogue took it in dudgeon," and published an account of the transaction, accompanied by a ludicrous caricature.

will take it, and beg leave to wish you a good day.

Dr. Your Ladyship is all goodness. I am penetrated with the sincerest gratitude; and shall always consider myself as your Ladyship's most obsequious, obliged, and very humble servant.

DIALOGUE THE THIRD.

SCENE.

AN APOTHECARY'S SHOP.

Enter Dr. Borecat, to Mr. Mixum.

Mixum. (*Pounding in a mortar and singing*)

Here I go up, up, up,
Here I go down, down, downy;
Here I go backwards and forwards,
And here I go round, round, roundy.

Borecat. Adad, Mr. Mixum, I am happy to catch you at home; I was exceedingly anxious to see you.

Mixum. Why, you are somewhat fortunate in that respect, my dear Doctor. I am seldom to be found compounding in the shop. I have done with *that* branch of the *profession* for some years, and am,

like yourself, *a visiting medical gentleman*, though without a *formal permission* from the college of Aberdeen. Still, however, I *put my hand* to any thing, as occasion may require; and the present *delightful weather* has so filled us with business, that all our apprentices and journeymen are at this moment running over the town in every direction, loaded with emulsions; fever-draughts; electuaries; drastics, &c. &c. &c.; so that there is no one but myself to make up a prescription of my young Ulster friend's, Dr. Sourcrout, for his *solitary* patient Lady Choleric, who has just ruptured a blood vessel in giving her daily scolding to her Abigail. But what a *blessed season* is this, my dear boy! A beautiful *Scotch mist* for twenty-eight days successively; with the wind at the east, and blowing like the devil. Nothing to be heard but sneezing and wheezing; coughing, hawking, and spitting; nor any thing to be seen but swelled jaws, running noses, and blood-shot eyes. I can't go out of doors but I've the pleasure of hearing

every body complaining; and finding that catarrhs and rheumatisms are multiplying as quickly as maggots in a lump of putrid flesh. I'm sure if we *men of business* had time to *say our prayers*, we ought to fall down on our knees and thank Providence for his particular interposition, as it should seem, in *our* favour. Why, 'tis as productive as if he had sent us the genuine Philadelphian fever; or given us the advantage, for a month, of the Sirocco, Samiel, or Harmattan. Good luck to an easterly wind, say I. [*Pounding and singing*] "Here I go up, up, up; here I go down, down, downy."—I feel myself in such *high spirits* when every body's *nerves* are out of order, and all my friends devoured by the *blue devils*, that I scarcely know what I am about. But pray, my dear Doctor, how can I serve you? You appear to me to be under some agitation. Pray—

Boreçat. *Agitation*, Mr. Mixum! I believe I am, indeed, and with very good reason, I think.—Adad, sir, for what I know you may have killed a patient of

mine; and I stand a good chance, not only of losing all *my business* (however that's a *trifle)*, but of being hanged for a *murder* of *your* committing.

Mixum. Do, my dear Doctor, be cool, and explain to me more particularly the cause of your discomposure; for I protest, as yet, I know not what you mean.

Borecat. Mean, sir! why I mean that you have made up a dose of my prescribing with *ten* times as much laudanum in it as I had ordered, and thereby thrown an old lady into so *deep* a *slumber*, as I thought would never have been disturbed till the sounding of the last trump.

Mixum. Oh! is that all, my dear Doctor? Never disturb yourself about such a *trifle* These *mistakes* frequently happen in the *hurry* of business; but no harm ensues. The patient tips off, and nobody is ever the wiser about the cause of his exit. Besides, had the old lady slept her last, there would have been no great reason for your distressing yourself on the occasion. It was high time for her to go, I presume; and

she could not have had a more *composed* departure. Recollect, also, you might have made her exit turn to some account; for Shroud, the undertaker, would have gladly tipped you a five pound note for your *recommendation* to the *job*. Why, Doctor, our *furnishers* of *funerals* at Bath bribe as high for the possession of a dead carcase, as a candidate does for a vote in a contested borough.

Borecat. A truce with your jokes, sir, if you please, for a moment. Such cases as these may be *common* for what I know, Mr. Mixum: but as *my* practice is not very *extensive*, they do not occur sufficiciently often to *me*, to prevent my surprise and disturbance on the present occasion. Besides, the rank and fashion of the patient made the accident a matter of the highest importance.—Why, she's as well known as the obelisk in Queen's-square; and her death would have broken up one of the most *regular* and *elegant card-assemblies* in all Bath. You know Lady Orange, I suppose?

Mixum. Ay, to be sure I do: "not to know her would argue myself unknown." I remember her many years ago, when she came hither to console herself on the loss of her *first husband* with Bath-waters and *cassino.* She'd a good house and a thumping jointure, and was soon assaulted by a host of those *generous* Irish gentlemen, who are always willing to befriend a solitary widow with a heavy dower. *Sir Clerical Orange* heard of the persecution, and offered to be her *champion.* The lady assented to his proposal, and followed him to the altar. Nor was the world surprised at his volunteering such a service. Every body knew he had *weighty* reasons for the step. Sir Clerical had always been a devoted admirer of *antiques;* and his present ancient gem was *set in gold.*

Borecat. You are very amusing, Mr. Mixum; but I must beg you to be serious for a few moments whilst I relate the particulars of this unfortunate business. I was brushing through a street in the upper town the night before last, when a livery

servant bolted out of a house, and running smack against me, almost knocked me down. "Bless me, sir," said he, "I beg your pardon; but I was sent out on a sudden to look for a *Doctor*."—"No apologies, my friend," replied I; "*here is one* at your service."—"Oh, sir," continued he, "my mistress is, I verily believe, *kicking the bucket*. She was seized with a fit whilst disputing about an *odd trick;* fell back in her chair; and has never spoken since. I've been out for Dr. Turbot, but he's laid up with the gout; Dr. Fœtus, her other physician, is attending a labour; and Mr. Gripes, the apothecary, can't be found. Do sir, for heaven's sake, step in."—In I went accordingly, but never so frightened in all my life!—Eleven card-tables; and the room stuffed with fine people.—"Alas," cried one, "I fear she's dead:—I think, my Lord, that *you'd no honor*."—"Oh, heavens," exclaimed another, "our dear friend is certainly gone:—Miss Scarecrow, you won't forget that you've *renounced hearts*."—Up marched I to the patient,

with a palpitating heart. She was black in the face as my hat; foaming at the mouth like a cask of new beer; hands so clenched that I could hardly get the cards out of them; and, in short, as pretty a specimen of apoplexy as one would wish to see.

Mixum. Zounds, Doctor, my mouth quite waters at the description! what a lucky dog to have such a charming case drop so accidentally into your hands. How good Providence is!

Borecat. Well, sir, you shall hear. After an hour of *hard work*, rubbing, scrubbing, bleeding, purging, blistering, and sweating, I brought the patient completely to herself, and left her to *repose;* writing first the prescription you made up, as a sedative, and receiving for my trouble the *noble fee* of one pound one.—Precisely at 12 next day, called again upon my patient.—"Well, Sir Clerical, has your lady slept comfortably?" "Yes, Doctor," replied he, with a stifled laugh (for I fancy he thought it was her *last* slumber), "very soundly; and I hope she'll continue so to do, for it seems to be

of infinite service to her. She has not waked since you left her."—My heart leaped into my throat at this intelligence, and it immediately occurred to me that the laudanum *had dished her.* A glance at the old lady confirmed my suspicion; however to *work* I went again: and in spite of Sir Clerical's repeated objections to *my disturbing her repose,* after another *hour's labour,* I made her open her eyes, and again gave her the use of her tongue. She rattled away *gibberish* for a few minutes; but soon becoming more composed, I had an opportunity of examining the remainder of the dose she had taken (for I confess I was surprised at the serious effects it had produced); when, putting it to my tongue, I found that instead of *eighteen* drops, the quantity prescribed, you had put into the phial, at least, *half an ounce of laudanum!*

Mixum. Eighteen drops, Doctor, why, d—n it, your prescription ordered *eighty.* Oh! here it is, *Guttæ octoginta.*

Borecat. Well, sir, and what's the English for *octoginta? Eighteen,* is it not?

Mixum. Eighteen, indeed! I thank hea-

ven I have not been so many years conversant with *medical Latin*, as not to know the meaning of a prescription, either when it's written *in words at length*, or in those *convenient abbreviations* which the profession have invented to cover their ignorance of syntax. There, sir, look at the Dictionary; you see *octoginta* is *eighty*, and *octodecim eighteen*.

Borecat. Upon my word, Mr. Mixum, I heartily beg your pardon for laying that blame at your door which I ought to have taken to myelf. To be sincere with you, my good sir, I am indeed somewhat deficient in that most *essential* branch of my profession, the faculty of *writing prescriptions in Latin;* and have more than once lamented that my father, when he was bringing me up, had not added a few more pounds to the expence of my education, to give me a smattering of the *dead languages*.

Mixum. The dead languages, indeed! how absurdly you talk. Why, Doctor, they are of no more use to a medical man at Bath, than the *drugs* in our shop are to

the patients (God help them!) for whom they are *prescribed;* nay, I believe, in general, that, *like them*, they do more *harm* than *good.* Do you think, Doctor, that the ladies care a pin more for a physician who knows the *dead languages*, than for one who can't construe a prescription which he has written. No, no; they want something more *lively*, *brisk*, and *smirking* than a bookworm. There's my worthy neighbour Dr. Vellum; look at him for an example of what I say. If his stiff honesty had permitted him to study *hum-bug* as much as he has pored over those d--d old-fashioned languages; to read the *weak side* of mankind, as attentively as he has read the musty volumes of the ancients; and to learn to *chatter small talk* as fast as he can pour out Latin and Greek, sense and science, I should not have had it to say, that our *little* shop *books* more in one week, than he, with all his scholarship, gets in a month.

Borecat. Well, Mr. Mixum, but a *little* learning—

Mixum. I tell you, Doctor, that learn-

ing, whether little or much, is both a dangerous and an useless thing in our profession. 'Tis a Will-o-the-Whisp that leads medical men astray. We have had learned physicians who, in their love for a parcel of old fools of antiquity, have asserted "there were only two intestines, the *colon* and the *aichos;* who believed that the moderns had lengthened the channel of their guts by gluttony, and diminished their livers by hard drinking; that the blood of the ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a tide; and that the *circulation* of that *fluid* was but comparatively a *modern* thing. There's Dr. Harmony, too, as good a creature as ever breathed; a poet and a man of taste; and as full as a tick of the dead languages, as you call them. I heard him say the other day (and laughed in my sleeve at the time), that he was of the *old school,* and did not think the worse of any one of his brethren for his being able to read *Hip-pock-rates* (an old Greek author, Doctor, who wrote on *nervous* disorders, and *another* complaint), in the ori-

ginal. Lord help thy poor head, thought I, if thou didst but know that *our shop* clears £4000 per annum without the assistance of a single letter from the Greek alphabet, thou wouldst not long hold those cursed cramp hieroglyphics in such high estimation as thou now dost.

Borecat. But the danger of *mistakes* like the present, Mr. Mixum—

Mixum. Oh! that's easily prevented. Come to me for an hour to-morrow morning, and I'll engage to give you as much *professional Latin* as may serve your turn for any case that shall occur to you. I myself learned all that I possess in *two lessons*, from the clerk of the parish. About three dozen words will do the business; and by ringing *proper changes* upon these, you will easily contrive to make as good a shew in *prescribing*, as Montagne the Frenchman would have done, who was taught Latin in his nurse's arms, and not suffered to hear a word in his mother tongue till he could converse in the language of ancient Rome. Greek and Latin,

forsooth, necessary for a Bath physician! Ha, ha, ha; you have brought strange notions with you from the country, my friend.

Borecat. I protest, Mr. Mixum, your account is very encouraging, and operates upon *my spirits* like a *nervous cordial.* I assure you they had fallen to a very low ebb of late. A thousand times have I cursed that foolish ambition which induced me to leave my pretty business in the country; go to the expence of £15 for an Aberdeen diploma; and settle at Bath as a physician. You'll hardly believe I should be so mad as to quit a practice that cleared me above £200 *per annum* (all lying within a circumference of sixty miles too), and come here upon speculation. Yes, Mr. Mixum; I do assure you I had been established for 12 years in one of the best spots in the hundreds of Essex for quartan agues and putrid fevers; had all the business of the *squire's family,* and the run of the *steward's table* at *Lord Ghastly's;* with no rival within 15 miles of me; no surgeon

but the village-farrier; no dispenser of medicine but his Lordship's housekeeper; and not a soul in the neighbourhood that could tell the difference between damaged and genuine drugs. When I have reflected upon this advantageous situation, and compared it with my present one;—"*chance half-guinea* fees, and *half* my time no fees at all; the sneers of my *more fortunate brethren;* and the jealousy of those who are upon the *same lay* with myself;"—I have more than once resolved to put my parchment in the fire; quit my present character and abode; and go back to my old sign of the pestle and mortar in the village of Rattleguts.

Mixum. Pho, pho! man, never despair! Only look round you, and see how many of your *more fortunate brethren* as you call them, who started here with no better prospects before them than yours, are now making fortunes, and rolling about in their carriages. Have a little patience, Doctor, and you must succeed. Remember you have to play upon the *fears* and the *follies*

of mankind; and with such *instruments* before you, if you don't contrive to bring out the *notes*, you must be a sorry artist indeed. Why, man, even the inventing of a *lozenge* is a certain passport to fame and fortune amongst the *wise folks* at Bath. I know, at this moment, a worthy citizen, who, by the help of a little mother-wit, a good share of impudence, a certain quantity of *treacle*, *flower*, and *syrup of poppies*, rolled up into the form of a lead pencil, cut into bits, put into boxes, and called lozenges for a cold, has in a few years feathered his nest as warmly as you could have done, had you remained at Rattleguts till you were of the age of Methuselah. Rome, as they say, was not built in a day; nor can a medical man, particularly in a place which swarms as thickly with the profession as a field of battle does with vultures, hope to leap into full practice in the course of a week. Just take *me* as an example of what may be done by managing matters judiciously. My father was a parish clerk in Glamorganshire, and would

fain have brought me up to the trade of *sol fa;* whilst my uncle, the excise-man, wished to qualify me for the same respectable office *under government* with his own. But I had *higher views* than both. Well; they sent me to school, and the master was ordered to teach me Latin. With all his flogging, however, I got no further than my A*** *in præsento;* and tired at length of study and hard knocks, I ran away one morning, and came to Bath. Determined to become a *professional man,* I hired myself to an apothecary, to brush shoes, clean knives, water the shop, and run on errands. After a time, I was promoted to the *counter;* and by degrees, as my knowledge of *pharmacy* increased, was intrusted with a little of the business; spread plasters; bled servants and country people; and made up medicines for vulgar customers. Some years having elapsed in these subordinate occupations, my master, satisfied with my skill and diligence, took me into partnership. I now dressed graver, and talked more sedately than before;

visited *quality* patients; and got into the *corporation.*

Borecat. Bless me! how did you contrive *that*, Mr. Mixum?

Mixum. Oh! nothing more easy, my good friend. I began with being very civil to the *corporate body*; pulled off my hat when I met the mayor, aldermen, or any of the common council. Laughed heartily at the jokes of his *worship* for the time being, at city-feasts, and corporation-breakfasts. Praised the *public spirit* of the municipality. Talked loudly of their *political independence.* Admired their *disinterestedness.* Applauded their *patriotism**, and got all their *loyal addresses* by

* I know not whether my uncle spoke *ironically* here or not; but if he were *serious*, I can only say, that the B—— corporation exhibits qualities, which are not to be found in other societies of a similar nature. For though the members of these *monopolies of civil and political rights*, as *individuals*, be ever so irreproachable, yet in their consolidated capacity, they are seldom the objects of praise or gratitude. A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Norwich, who had some reason to consider himself as ill used by the corporation of that

heart; though, to be sure, cursed work *this* part of the business was to me, for there's never a *pain in the bowels*, or a *natural removal* of it (as we say *in the shop*) at St. James's, but up flies an address of condolence, or congratulation. Then,

city, invited, a few years since, the whole body to an admirable dinner. Having drank largely of his wines (for they were excellent) the mayor and his brethren made a motion to depart. "Stay, my friends," cried the host, "till the bottles are finished." Saying this, he very coolly emptied the remains of Champaigne and Burgundy, claret and port, white and red, into a large punch-bowl, and filled out a glass of the mixture to each of the company. "Well," resumed he, "here's to our next merry meeting," and swallowed the contents of his goblet. The mayor and his suite could do no less than pledge their generous entertainer, and dispatch their glasses also. "Hey-day!" cried the gentleman, seeing a general distortion of countenance amongst his guests, "what the d—l's the matter with you all? I thought you had liked my wines." "Yes, Sir," returned the mayor, "when we drink them *one at a time*, but not when they *are all mixed together*." "Well, Mr. Mayor," returned the host, "you have now an exact *type* of *yourselves*. Taken *singly*, you are as honest fellows as any I know; but *acting together*, take my word for it, you are a *d——'d bad set*." EDITOR.

Sir, I had the advantage of belonging to their *favorite profession.*

Borecat. Favorite profession! What do you mean, Mr. Mixum?

Mixum. Why, man, I mean, that I was a son of *His-skull-ape-us,* a great *apothecary* of the last century; and the corporate body always give the preference to *physic,* in its different branches, whenever a contest happens for a vacant place amongst them. Three-fourths, indeed, of the number have ever consisted of medical gentlemen, and good reason is there why it should be so. The *boiling waters* of the city, (the grand cure of every human complaint, inside and outside; wounds and fractures; *humours* and whims; low-spirits and barrenness;) are put under the protection, and secured to the exclusive profit of the corporation; who then are so proper to regulate the *use* of these wonder-working streams, as we medical gentlemen? Who can so nicely *proportion* the doses to visitors and patients; by making them drink just enough to *acquire* com-

plaints, if they come to us without any? or by *restraining* invalids from swallowing so much as will rescue them *too soon* out of our hands?

Borecat. Very reasonable indeed, Mr. Mixum, that these precious springs should be at the disposal of gentlemen, who fully understand their *value*, and *manage* them *so well;* who can give such a good account as I find you do, of where they come from, what they are, and to what uses they may be applied. I must, however, at the same time say, that you *retail* them out at rather too high a price. *Sixpence* a *glass* for a draught of warm water, is confoundedly dear in these times, Mr. Mixum, when from the *prosperous* state of our *taxes*, three-fourths of the people can afford to drink nothing else but the "limpet stream," as the poet says. I remember about thirty years ago, when I was sent by my master to Bath, to take lodgings for Sir Roger Porpoise, one of his patients, I might have drunk as much of the water as would have thrown me into a dropsy, without

paying a farthing. Sixpence a glass, indeed!

Mixum. Oh, my good friend, a mere *war-tax*; nothing more, upon my honour. When hostilities cease, the corporation will *make water* as before. The war at present operates as a sort of *stricture* on the springs, (as we say in the shop,) but as soon as peace visits us again, (and I have such confidence in our wise government, as assures me this will be the case in the course of the present century,) we'll reduce our water to its *intrinsic value*, and original price, and let it flow freely, and *for nothing*. Like the higher powers with respect to the war, *we* think an advanced price upon the staple commodity of the city both *just* and *necessary;* and like them too, shall *continue* to think it *just*, as long as it is *necessary* to our *revenues;* and *necessary* as long as it preserves *this* character of *justice*. But you can't deny, doctor, that we *dispose* as liberally of the profits of our water, as they *flow* into our chest. Our *improvements*—

Borecat. Oh, far be it from me, Mr. Mixum, to tax you with parsimony in the application of your revenues. I know no men who could make a *better* use of them than you medical corporate gentlemen. Gad, Sir, you seem to understand the art of *feeding*, as well as you do that of *purging*, for your dinners beat every thing of that kind I ever saw or heard of. That of which I had the honour of partaking last Saturday could only be equalled, I think, by Belshazzar's feast. The dinner at my Lord Ghastly's, when his eldest son came of age, was mere bread and cheese to it.

Mixum. Why, that's very true, my dear friend. Indeed we never spare our bill of fare upon these occasions; but, between ourselves, it's all with an eye *to the trade.* Did you never hear the old saying, "The *feast's* a better friend to the physician than the *plague.*" Never a dinner but pays us tenfold, in surfeits, indigestions, bilious cholics, and constipations. Let me see! what were the *beneficial consequences* of last Saturday's entertainment to *our shop*

alone? Aye, here it is, (looking into his pocket-book) "Sunday morning. Vomiting Mr. Slender, the staymaker, who had eaten himself into a fever the day before; attending Mr. Buckram, the tailor, who being a little overtaken with liquor, at the mayor's feast, had dislocated his shoulder in a fray with a blacksmith, occasioned by his calling Buckram the *ninth part of a man.* Bleeding the Rev. Mr. Guttle, who had been seized with apoplexy, in consequence of too hearty a meal on broiled salmon and venison-pasty at the guild-hall on the preceding day."

Borecat. Faith, I don't wonder at your hospitality, Mr. Mixum, if it turn to such a good account as this. But pray, Sir, wasn't that same Rev. Mr. Guttle your mayor about three or four years ago?

Mixum. Mayor, forsooth! I believe not, indeed. No, no, doctor, we know better than to let in *parsons* amongst us. Why, man, we've got half a dozen fat *pieces* of *church-preferment* in our gift; and if we were not to keep the *cloth* out of our so-

ciety, we should have as much quarrelling and fighting for these *sops* in the *pan*, when any of them were to be disposed of, as there is amongst a *gang of robbers*, on their division of the plunder which they have taken.

Borecat. But don't you shut out all men of learning, as they call 'em, Mr. Mixum, by thus excluding the clergy? I remember, when I lived at the village of *Rattleguts*, the *curate* was said to know more *Latin*, than even Lord Ghastly himself.

Mixum. "*Latin*," indeed, "still harping upon my daughter," as the *gravedigger* in Hamlet says. What the devil have corporations to do with any Latin, except what's in their *charter?* But if you mean *men of letters*, Sir, we have no occasion to be obliged to the *church* for *them.* There's Mr. Type, the *printer*, for instance, who, independently of the *articles* of his *trade*, spins what he calls *poetry*, and manufactures fine *paragraphs*, of which he is the HERALD as well as the *composer*, and

generously gives them to the public, all for *sixpence*. Then there's—But d—n it, time would fail me if I were to attempt to enumerate all the clever men belonging to our body; and I should forget to relate to you the other steps by which I got on, in this *very mushroom-bed* of the profession. To return, therefore, to my story: After having enrolled myself on the list of the corporation, the next thing I did was to secure the good *opinion* of the *ladies*.

Borecat. And pray, my dear sir, how did you compass that most *difficult* matter?

Mixum. Difficult, forsooth! Nothing so easy, Doctor: gently *squeezed* their *hands* when I felt their pulse—found out their *wishes*, and prescribed accordingly—silent as death about their *secrets*—always agreed in *opinion* with them—picked up all the *news* I could rake together, and, if a *dearth* of it, made a little *myself* for their entertainment—carefully inspected the *night-tables*, and gravely examined the *urinals* before I changed a medicine—where they had *no* disease, found out *symptoms* for

them—*pitied* their sufferings when they had never an *ache*—and admired their *patience*, though they were as *crabbed* as the devil. Then I took care also to establish a good *London connection*.

Boreçat. A *good London connection*, Mr. Mixum, what may that be?

Mixum. Why, sir, 'tis a thing as necessary for you as your diploma.—A *London connection* is half the battle for a Bath medical knight errant. It is the good will and interest of some famous town practitioner, who, when he thinks it necessary to amuse his patients by a little change of place and system, orders them to Bath, and recommends them to Dr. So-and-so, as the most able physician *out of London;* and to Mr. What-d'ye-call-'em, as the best possible substitute for their own *confidential apothecary*.—We accordingly take them in hand; levy our tribute upon them; and then *pass them on* to our friends at the different watering-places. Some caution, however, is necessary in carrying on our operations, lest a *rat should be smelt*, and the *gud-*

geon escape: as was the case with a Dr. Fleecem here many years ago. Sir Timothy Humbug, a practitioner of note in London, had recommended to this gentleman, in the way of trade, an old female patient of his, with a chronic complaint upon her, which had netted to Sir Timothy an annuity of £150 for several years. Willing to give a *turn to her thoughts,* as she began to wonder that she did not mend under his hands, he advised her to try the Bath waters, and gave her a letter of introduction to his friend Dr. Fleecem. The doctor read the epistle, and put it in his pocket; felt the patient's pulse; asked the proper questions; in short proceeded *second-hum artem,* as we say; took his *fee,* and then his *leave.*—But, unfortunately, in pulling out his handkerchief at the door, the letter fell upon the floor, unperceived by the doctor; which the old lady, after he was gone, took up, and, with the natural curiosity of one of Eve's daughters, eagerly perused. It was couched in these words.

" Dear Doctor,

" I send you herewith an old fat goose, whom I have long been in the habit of plucking: one wing I reserve for myself; the other is at the service of my friends.

" Yours truly,

" Tim. Humbug."

On the following morning Fleecem, with all proper professional attention, called upon his patient; and was going mechanically to apply his finger to her pulse, when she "thanked him for his kind intention to strip her of her *remaining feathers;* but observed, that though she might possibly be an *old goose,* she was not so far advanced in her *dotage* as to suffer such *harpies* as Sir Timothy and himself to *prey* longer on her *unfortunate carcase.*" Ha, ha, ha! —But to be serious, Doctor. Just take the hints I have given you: don't be disheartened by a little temporary ill-success; keep the field; and my word for it, in time, you'll conquer.

Borecat. My dear Mr. Mixum, I am bound ever to pray for you.—You have opened a new world to me.—D—n the

village of Rattleguts; the squire's family; and the steward's table at Lord Ghastly's. I feel myself a new man; and will not quit Bath whilst one of his majesty's subjects remains alive in the place. Good morning to you, my dear sir!

Mixum. [*Pounding.*] Bravo, my little Galen. Heaven grant you all success; and may your commission to burn, sink, and destroy, be crowned with the triumph of a Copenhagen expedition.

"Here I go up, up, up,
Here I go down, down, downy,
Here I go backwards and forwards,
And here I go round, round, roundy."

DIALOGUE THE FOURTH.

SCENE.

A DINING-ROOM.

Parson Bow-wow, and Mr. Resin, sitting at a table, with bottles and glasses.

Bow-wow. Come, Resin, drink your glass; d—n me if ever I was *tête-à-tête* with such a milksop before.

Resin. Pon my vord, Mr. Bow-wow, I cannot keep up vid you. You ave de *hardest* head I ever met vid.

Bow-wow. Aye, Resin; and isn't that better than a *thick* one, like most of my brethren. Have it by inheritance, my boy; by birth, parentage, and education; nor ever omitted an opportunity of improving and strengthening so valuable a possession.

The Jew's-harp public-house in Swansea, has been in our family for 150 years; and descended regularly from father to son, through nine generations. I first saw the light in a small room behind the bar; and was not only early accustomed to the *smell* of ale, but long before they weaned me had acquired a *taste* for it also. As servitor of Jesus college, I lost none of my relish for the *tap;* and improved mightily in my faculty of guzzling. A minor-canon-ship kept me tightly to the practice of wetting my whistle; though it obliged me to change my beverage, and booze a more *gentlemanly* liquor than that to which I had hitherto been accustomed. At length I was transplanted to Bath, where, as *factotum* to the Glee-club, I have ever since enjoyed the best opportunities of making myself a complete proficient in the *Ars bibendi.*

Resin. Pray, Mr. Bow-wow, vat may *factotum* be.

Bow-wow. Factotum, Resin; why its—its—its a *factotum*—d—n the word, I hardly

know how to define it. It is a sort of sub-secretary; sub-treasurer; sub-president; sub-every thing. In short, the *factotum* is to do *all things;* upon *all occasions;* in *all manners;* and at *all times;* according to the directions of the committee. As *factotum* to the club, I drive bargains with performers, vocal and instrumental; lay in music; keep the piano-forte in tune; sketch out the bill of fare for the *ladies entertainments;* and a thousand other little necessary jobs. As *factotum*, I conducted an action in the King's Bench, on behalf of the society, against a band of refractory singers, who acting in *concert*, all *struck* on one night, and would not give us a single *stave* for our money. The law, however, whose object you know is *general harmony*, adjudged they should either *sing* or *pay;* a verdict which put them so cursedly *out of tune*, as obliged 'em to settle it by Abraham Newland's *notes* instead of *their own.* But now that we're upon the subject of *musical discords*, do tell me, Resin, how the devil you ventured to *play* such a trick on

the *amateurs* the other day, by humbugging them as you did about Madame *Catsqualli?* I was too much *in for it* to be at the concert myself, but I am told if it hadn't been for your good friend Signora Rattana, who interfered in your behalf, the women would have served you the same trick that some viragoes of old played off upon your ancestor, master *Orpheus*, and sent you home shorter by the head.

Resin. Ver *afflicting* circumstance, I assure you, Mr. Bow-wow, and give me most *poignant concern**. Though I must

* This is the *pathetic* language in which the hand-bill was couched, that announced the *second* disappointment of Catsqualli's singing to the Bath public. "It is," however, a bad wind, indeed, that blows nobody *good;*" and what brought shame and sorrow with it to poor Resin (who was really not to blame in the business), wafted success and joy upon its wings to a *tragedy hero*, whose benefit had been fixed for the same night with *Catsqualli*'s concert. With a quickness that did credit to his invention, he immediately perceived the advantage to which he might convert the circumstance of her non-attendance; and directly issued out another set of hand-bills in the following words. "CATSQUALLI'S INDISPOSITION. In consequence of the disappointment which

say I vas not at all to blame, as Madame Catsqualli humbugged *me*, as vel as de ladie

the nobility and gentry of this city will experience in Madame C. not being able to *give* her intended concert, Mr. A. with additional confidence, invites his friends to this evening's dramatic entertainment, appropriated for his benefit, &c." But the confusion which attended her not keeping the appointment she had made, rested not here. The *eccentric* motions of this *musical comet*, disturbed and deranged the whole *system* of Bath diversions; and *disorganized*, for a time, even the *immemorial regularity* of the UPPER-ROOMS. The *extent* of this departure from ancient rules; the *solemnity* with it was determined on; and the *awful precautions* taken to prevent succeeding deviations, will be best understood from the following *royal* proclamations; which reflect an equal *lustre* on the *addresser* and the *addressed*.

"New Assembly-rooms. 22d March, 1808.

"A representation having been made to the Master of the CEREMONIES by several ladies and gentlemen, subscribers to the FANCY BALL, that in consequence of an unexpected alteration in the arrangement for Madame C.'s concert, it would be a *general accommodation* to change the ball to Saturday (ALTHOUGH BY NO MEANS TO BE CONSIDERED AS A PRECEDENT ON ANY FUTURE OCCASION,) he informs the subscribers that the FANCY BALL will be on Saturday the 2d April."—"In consequence of the above afflictive and unexpected circumstance (Madame C's indisposi-

and gentlemen. But you shall hear. She come down to Bath to *give* a concert at de *moderate* price of *von guinea* a ticket*.

tion), the MASTER of the CEREMONIES announces the FANCY BALL for this evening, March 31st; and the PRACTICE at two o'clock."

Risum teneatis amici? Can ye avoid convulsions of laughter at this "much ado about nothing," at this *grave foppery*, and *solemn nonsense* about a *hop*, *skip*, and *jump*? or rather, does not your honest indignation kindle and glow as you read of "*precedents* not to be *established* for the change of a *ball*" of *cotillions* to be *practised* by *grown* gentlemen and ladies in the *forenoon*," at a time when the civil and political order of the world is in a state of disturbance and mutation? when kings are tumbling from their thrones; ancient governments changing their forms; and nations disappearing from the map of independent states? When the longer duration of our own existence and dignity amongst the kingdoms of the earth, is almost problematical? and when a *war* is still contesting that threatens to undo the civilization of mankind?

* It is no matter of surprize, that, by the aid of such *generosity* as *this*, Madame C. should have been able to scrape together, in the course of the last year, the sum of £16,700, if the author of "the Opera-glass" may be depended upon. Far be it from me to be angry with *fools*, for throwing away their money according to their own fancies; all I object to in the transaction between Madame C, and her *dupes*, is, that she insults their un-

De room vas crouded; and every body expect some delightful *notes* in return for

derstandings, while she picks their pockets; by asserting that she *gives* a concert, when in fact she is all the while receiving their coin, and making no other return than, *vox et preeterea nihil*. The language, however, is not *peculiar* to Catsqualli. A fashionable musical club at Bath has adopted it in its public advertisements, where it invites the ladies to an entertainment which it professes to *give* them: and gallantly charges them, at the same time, *fifteen shillings* for each ticket.

Amidst the many triumphs of impudence and humbug which the present "age of wisdom" exhibits, the honest mind is now and then gratified by the sight of the *biter bitten*, and the *knowing one taken in*. The following anecdote is a case in point, and appropriate to the subject of the present note. *Catsqualli* had received frequent invitations to the country seat of a noble musical amateur, but as he had made no specific offer of remuneration for the honor, she had civilly declined accepting it. Being on one of her musical jaunts, however, with her *caro sposo*, and passing within a few miles of his lordship's villa, she determined upon a call of *speculation*. The elegant owner of the mansion received her with the utmost respect and politeness; and for two days and a half nothing but *harmony* reigned around, to the great delight of the large party assembled at the *château*. Towards the afternoon of the third day, *Catsqualli* and her consort announced their intention of departing; the

deir *gold.* Madame enter de room; de company clap, and she courtesy and smile.

chariot and four drove to the door, and the lady stepped into it, amidst a shower of compliments and regrets. The husband, in the mean time, requests the honor of his lordship's ear for a moment; and after a short explanation of the inconvenience which his lady and himself had experienced in quitting the *direct road,* and tarrying at his mansion, presented a charge of £500, for Madame Catsqualli's *performances* for two days and a half. Astonished as his lordship must have been at this unexpected and moderate demand, he was too-well bred a man to express any surprize, and stepping into his study, returned in a moment with another strip of paper, containing a charge of £600 *for three days entertainment of Madame Catsqualli and her suit*, observing, whilst he put it into Monsieur's hand, that in consideration of the *reasonableness* of her *bill,* he could not think of accepting the odd £100 which was due to him, upon the *balance of accounts*; and begged therefore they might *quit scores.* One trait more of this noble pair, and we consign them to oblivion. Another fiddling peer had engaged Catsqualli for his musical party. Her husband, as usual, attended her, to take care of his wife, and *receive her money.* Whilst the company were delighted, enchanted, and ravished by her vocal powers, the frigid spouse lolled upon a sopha, picking his teeth with the most listless indifference. During an interval of the entertainment, one of the *royal brothers* approached the great

I sigh vid pleasure, touch de instrument, and she try to sing: but, ah Dio! vat a sound! her voice like de *humble bee;* and not a note to be heard! I look at her, and she try again. But vorse and vorse; a *frog* vould have made better song. In a moment dere vas *general chorus* of uproar through de room. Col. *Mitten* he curse and swear: Mr. *Squintum* he look all manner of vays; and I wring my hand, and *cry.* Madame smile at de confusion, and get de man who sing bass (de strongest voice in de orchestra) to speak for her. He say, "her cold vas so bad, dat she could not sing to-night; but if dey vould go quietly home, she vould pay dem vid *an old song* on Friday morning. Bath people

man, and paid him an handsome compliment upon the exquisite taste, and unequalled powers of his lady. Monsieur, without changing his posture, or deigning an answer, simply smiled, and nodded assent. A bye-stander, shocked at his rudeness and indecorum, exclaimed, "Do you not know, sir, to whom you are talking?" "*Oui, Monsieur.*"—"Sir, he is one of the royal princes." "*Cela peut etre; mais il n'est pas mon prince.*"

be ver good-natured, and so go avay. But her troat get more sore, and her voice more hoarse, so dat she be forced to go to London to get cured; but promise to come down again, ven she vould make up for disappointment, by taking some more of deir money, and treating dem vid a *shake*. Vell; de town talk of noting for a veek *after* she vas gone, but de *sorrow* at not hearing her sing; and of noting for de veek *before* she vas expected again, but de *pleasure* dey should receive ven she vas come back; vich make ver agreable *employment* for de ladie and gentlemen for dat *fortnight*. De great day now approach; all de ticket sold; all de places taken; and many ladie engage to *breakfast* in de concert-room, dat dey might be in time to hear Catsqualli sing; ven, at eleven o'clock on de night before de concert, as I vas *practising* vid Signora Rattana, come an express from London to say, dat madame got a little *more* money by staying *dere*, dan by coming done to Bath, and derefore beg me to make de apologie to good people,

and tell dem she vod defer her visit till anoder year. Ah, Dio! I cannot tink of it yet, vidout my stomach being disordered.

Bow-wow. Ha! ha! ha! well, d—n it, don't mind, man; tisn't the first, nor will it be the last time, that the wise folks of *Gotham* have been humbugged. Let's change the subject; come, fill your glass, and drink a bumper to your favorite Signora. —Ha! you sly dog, you; a very snug thing of it you have there! [*Drinks.*]

Resin. Pon my vord, Mr. Bow-wow, I'll drink de lady vid all my heart; for I have varm regard for her. Aye, you may look cunning if you please, but, pon my onor, our friendship is only *Platonique.* Any ting else vould *be quite out of my vay.* Our *taste* ver similar; our *pleasures* de same. She charmed vid my *exqueseet touch.*—I admire her *delightful notes.*—She amused vid *my instrument*—I vid de sound of *her guineas;* and so both ver well satisfied. I beg, derefore, Mr. Bow-wow, I may not hear any more joke of dis kind. You may run de risk of an *action* for *defamation* if

you indulge your tongue in such libertie as dese.

Bow-wow. Oh! d—n it, my dear fellow, don't hint at such a thing. It sets me all on a tremble. I have as tender a conscience as my friend Drawcansir, on the article of *slander;* and, like him, feel no ambition to hear the opinion of twelve honest men on that subject, a *second time**. Why, I've

* My uncle alludes, probably, to the result of a late trial at Taunton, which afforded the most heartfelt satisfaction to every man of honor and feeling. If a wanton attack, and that of the most atrocious nature, upon the fair fame of a virtuous and estimable character, ever justified the eloquent and bitter *censure* of an able advocate, the *general indignation* of a crowded court, and the heavy *damages* of an enlightened jury, the one above alluded to may be considered as doing so in a peculiar way. Would to heaven that the discipline of the ancient church was restored, *as far* as it respected *wicked clerks:* we should then have fewer examples than now present themselves of violations of decency, in an order that ought to be *examples to their flocks.* It is gratifying, however, to reflect that a *congregation* should have the good sense, and proper spirit to express their odium of a *slanderous clergyman,* in the most pointed and affecting way in which it could be manifested, *by rising from the altar when he was about to administer the elements to them,*

dreamt of nothing but damages for "plaintiff," and "costs of suit" for this month past; and dread another "summing up to the jury," as the devil does a *pater-noster.* Believe me, my dear Resin, I meant nothing more than an innocent joke in what I said. You know I have too great a respect for the lady in question, even to entertain a thought to her disadvantage.

Resin. I do not know vat *respect* you may have for de lady, but I tink dat you, and your broders of *de black*, did not use her vid de *politesse* due to her, vèn you abuse her *litel Sunday concert*, and oblige her to confine her music, like de canâille, to *week* days.

Bow-wow. I abuse her Sunday-concerts! That's a good one.—Why, man, 'twould be "the pots' calling the kettle—." You know, Resin, that I very frequently have them *myself.*—'Tis not likely, therefore,

and going to another part of the rail, where another minister officiated!!! Will not *this awful reproof* produce some good effect? EDITOR.

that *I* should have joined in a puritanical cry against your friend on this account.

Resin. Ver true, Mr. Bow-wow; I ave often heard dat your litel Sunday evening parties are ver *agreable;* but ave vondered, at de same time, you vould venture to give dem. Indeed, I ave sometime thought you vould make offence to de higher powers by being so *genteel* in *dis* and other respects; and ave your *apointement* take avay. Ve should be ver sorry to lose so good a feedel.

Bow-wow. [*Drinks.*] Ha, ha, ha! No fear of that, my dear fellow. *Licensed.* Firm as a rock—Can't be displaced. His lordship, too, a good kind of man; brought up *at court;* and knows how to be *civil* to every body. Besides, he's passionately fond of *music;* and makes great allowances for *good spirits.* Talk of my liberties, indeed! what are they to the rigs and pranks of other *gemmen* of the *cloth?* Why, there's Mr. *Chip,* who lives in a neighbouring village, a brother fiddle, as well as brother parson; he beats me hollow in *tricks* and *gallantries. Two strings* to his *bow,* my

boy; *two mistresses* in his house at the same time; *children* by *both;* and his *wife* turned out of doors; and yet, Resin, he is still permitted to *instruct* his parishioners by his *exhortations*, and *improve* them by his *example**. I think, Resin, [*hiccups*] I think it's about two years ago, coming from the club early one morning, a little *in for it* [*hiccups*] I ran foul of some of the d——'d rascals, who had refused to sing to us the week before. My blood was up; I rowed them well; and they, in return, jawed me. At last to it we went; I got a couple of black eyes, and beat one of them to a jelly. Well, they complained to his lordship; but I had been beforehand with

* By the Royal injunctions of 1694, it is directed that "the bishops shall look well to the *lives and manners* of their clergy, that they may be in all things regular and exemplary according to the 7 th canon." Will you believe me, reader, when I assure you, that Mr. Chip, with all these flaming imperfections on his head, has the assurance regularly to attend the annual visitation; and is *permitted* to partake of the substantial dinner that succeeds this ceremony, in company with his reverend brethren of the archdeaconry?

them, and already told him *my own* story; so that all the answer they got, was, "That Mr. Bow-wow could not be thought to blame in the business.—In endeavouring to reduce them to order, he was only *labouring in his vocation*, as *factotum* of the Glee-club; and that they deserved all that had happened to them for being abroad at such an *unseasonable* hour, when only *gentlemen* had a right to be up."

Resin. But, indeed, my dear Mr. Bow-wow, you must make von litel alteration in your vay of going on; or all your other good qualitie vil not be able to save you, for de old ladies complain you *gallop* so fast, dat vid de assistance of deir best spectacle, dey cannot keep up vid you.

Bow-wow. [*Drinks.*] Why, I believe I do tip 'em the *go-by* now and then; for I can't bear to *muz* and *hum-drum*, like some of my brethren. No; twenty-five minutes for the services, and eleven for the sermon, including prayer, text, and blessing, is an ample allowance. Indeed, I once went through the whole (for a bet of a bottle of

port) in *half an hour* to a second; and have ever since been known by the name of parson Jehu.—But it was too much for my *wind*—it quite *blew* me*. No, no, Resin, I'm not like *Dick Sable*, of the lower town, who thinks people can never be *tired* of his prate; roars treason to his congregation till he has almost cracked *their* ears and his *own* lungs; and obliges them to listen to his rant, whether they will or no, by *locking them into their pews* till the benediction is given†; nor do I follow the ex-

* My uncle had the satisfaction of hearing before his death, that one good result had followed the publication of his work; and that Bow-wow was converted into a deliberate and decent *reader* of the church-service. EDITOR.

† This alludes to a very ridiculous circumstance which occurred at St. J—— church, Bath, on the fast-day of the 17th of last February. It seems, that on a preceding solemnity appointed two years ago by the wisdom of government, for the same *profitable* purposes as the last day of national humiliation, Sable had preached a sermon exceedingly offensive to the delicate ears of two of his auditors, a sage *physician*, and a fierce *military commander*. In this unfortunate discourse, in enumerating and reprobating the black catalogue of national crimes,

ample of your chapellers, who cant cursed nonsense by the hour-glass, and pray till

he had declaimed against that *passion for war*, which he conceived had characterized the country, and influenced its external political system for some years past. The man of *physic*, and the man of *war*, (authorized as the one was by his diploma, to *put to death in a regular way*, and as the other was by his commission, to burn, sink, and destroy, by any methods) immediately apprehending (like the silversmiths of Ephesus) that their *craft* was endangered, and their respective employments discredited by such *antichristian doctrine*, rose from their seats, (with the same expedition as if the one had been summoned to *give a pass* to a dying patient, and the other had been ordered to *cut his cables)*, and rushed indignantly from the church. Sable, no wise disturbed at the *moving effect* of his discourse, took no notice of it at the time, but thundered on to the conclusion of his subject. He bore, however, the circumstance in his recollection, *manet alta mente repôstum*, and resolved, at a future opportunity, to have his revenge. On the succeeding year the same solemnity again occurred; and Sable having prepared another dose of *Cayenne pepper* for the occasion, gave the *sexton* directions to observe the seats in which these two fastidious gentlemen placed themselves, and when they were *fairly housed*, to *turn the key* upon them, and put it into his pocket. In the interval, however, either *a lack of patients*, or too much success in the art of *human destruction*, had driven the

their candles are burnt into the nozzles of their sockets. Not I, indeed; I know the value of my own time, and that of my hearers, better than this comes to. But, d—n it, I think we grow dull, Resin. I'll give you a song to cheer our spirits, my boy. 'Tis a little lyric of *my own composing*, and intended to be sung on the last *ladies'*

physician from Bath, so that the hero (who had been put upon the *yellow list*, and condemned to confine his *mild* and *gentle* command to his own household) remained alone to face the enemy. Sable began to thunder as usual upon his favorite topic; to paint the curses of war, and the wickedness of the nation in still pursuing its system of hostilities. The captain coloured; knit his brow; bit his lips; rose up; seized his hat, and determined again to express his disapprobation, by marching out in the face of the congregation. But vain were his attempts to open the door; the sexton had *double-locked* it, and retired to a corner where he could not be observed, so that the prisoner was compelled to be an auditor for another hour, and what was still worse, when liberated, and permitted to go home, had no other means left of venting his spleen than his usual resource under disappointments, that of cursing his wife, beating his children, kicking his servants, and pouring out all the rich variety of oaths, with which the productive hotbed of a *forecastle* had supplied him.

night. The stewards indeed refused it, because it was *too free,* forsooth, for the women. I laughed at their objection, and *began it in the room;* the milk-sops, however, cried it down, and the girls lost their amusement. I'll be sworn it would have made ten times more *fun* than the namby-pamby lines of *Billy Sonnet* (the *poet-laureat* of the club), which he fitted up for the occasion. You know Billy Sonnet, I suppose.

Resin. Yes, yes; I ave heard of him, I see his name and his verses too, at de bottom of de pound of butter dat come from de grocer every Saturday morning. Signora Rattana say he ver *sweet* writer: she tell me too he make *great noise* in the vorld, and lately publish *Poop**.

Bow-wow. Ha! ha! ha! well said, Resin. Yes, yes, he publish *Poop,* as you say, and has made *foul* work of it, if we may believe the Edinburgh Review.

Resin. Signora Rattana never read his

* I presume Resin here means Pope.

sonnet vid de dry eye; he ave so much fine sentiment, and so much of de tender feeling.

Bow-wow. Yes; the fine sentiment of a horse-block, and the tender feelings of an oyster. D—n me if it doesn't make me sick, to hear such lullaby-jingle called poetry; and cant and nonsense mistaken for genius and sensibility. Why, man, there is nothing so easy as to *snivel* in a *sonnet.* 'Tis only to be childish and obscure, and the business is done. Not so with the manly path of poetry which *I* tread. *My* compositions are all Dithyrambics, odes dedicated to Bacchus; and jolly Anacreontics, which celebrate nothing but love and wine. For instance:

Λεγουσιν αι γυναικες
Ανακρεων γερων ει, &c.

The women tell me I am growing old,
And say my head is bald, my heart is cold;
But give me wine and fair ones, and I'll prove
I still can deeply drink, and warmly love.

But confound the maukish taste of the

present times, say I, which prefers the puny lines of a baby sonneteer ("muling and puking in his nurse's arms") to the sprightly strains that sing of yielding girls and sparkling champagne. But, to go on with the story I was telling you, Billy Sonnet had found in the trash of Taylor the *water* poet, (for he has a rare *spirit of discovery* about him when he's in search of any thing to *adopt as his own:* and, like the immortal Cibber, his antitype in office, genius, and manners,

> " He here can sip, and there can plunder snug,
> And suck all o'er like an industrious bug;")

I say, Resin, he'd found in honest Taylor a few stanzas which he thought might be *cut down* into an appropriate ode. But he so much *diluted* the poor bard's verses with lopping, and tacking, and furbishing, and modernizing, that before it was half sung, the greatest part of the women were sound asleep. If *my* song had been given 'em this wouldn't have been the case. But you shall hear it. [*Drinks and sings.*]

" Amo, amas, I loved a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender;
Amas, amat, and all that—"

Cætera desunt; not being *decent.*

Resin. Ver funny, pon my onor; but I am ver sorry I must now leave your agreable company, and bid you farewel.

Bow-wow. D—n it, Resin, fi-fi-finish the bottle [*Hiccups.*]

Resin. Pon my onor, no. Signora Rattana expect me to make von at *her litel circle* dis evening; and if I drink more of your vine, I am sure I shall not be able to *perform.*

Bow-wow. But, zounds, man, le-e-et me light you out. I want to star-g-a-a-aze a little. [*Hiccups.*]

Resin walks off;

" Whilst Bow-wow, fall'n beside his neighbour's sink,
Seems to mere mortals but *a priest in drink.*"

DUNCIAD.

DIALOGUE THE FIFTH.

SCENE.

THE PUMP-ROOM.

Enter Mr. Drawcansir, and Doctor Skipper.

Drawcansir. "Hast thou found me, oh, my enemy?"

Skipper. "Yes; I have found thee;" and don't mean to part with you till I've made you acquainted with a little of my mind. Nay, don't look big, Mr. Pompous; a *frog* is not a whit the more formidable because he's *swelled.*

Draw. Sir, you're *beneath* my notice.

Skip. Why, truly, Mr. Swaggerer, I am not so *high* by six inches as your reverence;

nor do I *carry* my *head* as if I intended *to brush away the stars* with it. But the old proverb says, "a cat may look at a king;" and, if so, I don't see any great harm in an *honest man* holding a little confab with a *priest*.—So, you've been at us again, I see. *Charge* after charge; shot upon shot; can't let the *blue aproned men* alone, it seems. But, *habent sua fata libelli;* your labours will find in due time their proper MEED (nay, don't *start* at the word, Sir!); be condemned to cover the bottoms of patty-pans; or reserved for more *necessary* purposes and *posterior* honors.

Draw. Sir, *you're cracked,* and not qualified for rational converse.

Skip. So much the better, Mr. Puff; for "*cracks let in light, you know;*" a light that has enabled me to detect the *false directions* of your "*Guide;*" the perverted evidence of your *trial;* and the appropriate *odium theologicum* that seasons your *vindiciæ*.—A *light,* by which I have discovered errors, mistakes, and misrepresentations in your works, as thick as *mites*

in a *rotten cheese:* wherein Bishop Cleaver is represented as maintaining the *non*-calvinism of Nowell's catechism, although that prelate has distinctly admitted it to be *Calvinistic;* wherein, by the reiterated omission of an emphatic NOT, in an extract from the Homilies, you attribute to our reformers sentiments *directly the reverse* of what they entertained; wherein you refer to *Strype* as your authority for asserting that *Bradford's* treatise on *election* did *not* obtain the sanction of *Cranmer, Ridley,* and *Latimer,* although *Strype* affirms that it *did* obtain their approbation; wherein you quote the same author, to prove that our reformers did *not* employ *Calvin* as their counsel, although that annalist distinctly states that *Cranmer did* apply to *Calvin* for counsel; wherein you adduce the preface to Archbishop Parker's Bible, as furnishing decisive evidence of the *designed exclusion* of *Calvin* from the church, although the *notes* to that Bible, as well as the catechism inserted in it, are in the *highest degree Calvinistic,* and wherein, in

opposition to *existing testimony*, you contend that King James, and the English delegates to the Synod of *Dort*, preferred the sentiments of *Arminius* to those of *Calvin*. What can you say to *these* misrepresentations, Mr. Pompous? or how can you defend your *popish* principle of *exclusive salvation?* A pretty joke, indeed! to confine the character of the only *sound* church, to the worm-eaten fabric of the establishment; and shut the doors of Heaven against all those who have not a *bishop*, as master of the ceremonies to introduce them there.

Draw. It is not worth my while to answer you, sir; you are no *theologian*.

Skip. What! have I lived to this age to be told that I am no theologian? By one, too, who has "scarcely saluted the thresh-hold of divinity?" Surely, after such a daring assertion, I may say of thee with the prophet, that "thy *neck* is *iron*, and thy *brow* is *brass*."—Why, man, I was circumnavigating the stormy ocean of polemical divinity long before your "mother's

milk was moist upon your lip."—For more than half a century, have almost all my waking hours been devoted to *controversial theology*. Many a time, and oft, have "I outwatched the Bear," in untwisting a knotty point of Biblical disputation; or conquering the intricacies of a scholastic divine; and, "ere the lark had tuned her matin song," might I, for months together, have been seen, half-buried amongst the moth-eaten records of ecclesiastical history. The elaborate works of the christian fathers, from the epistles of *Barnabas*, to the five ponderous tomes of *John de Lyra*, are as familiar to me as my horn-book. The constitutions of the eastern and western churches are at my finger's ends. I have by heart the acts of every œcumenical council; the decrees of every provincial synod; and the resolutions of every general assembly, from the orthodox council of *Nice* in the time of *Constantine*, to the heteredox assembly of divines in the reign of Charles the first.

Draw. Well, sir, and, after all, what

has this to do with the *quinquarticular controversy*, the grand pillar of my reputation?

Skip. The *quinquarticular controversy!* why, man, this is my *strongest point*. *Here*, I believe, I may challenge any man into the field of battle. *Six* times have I read over the whole history of the reformation; its beginnings, its progress, and its consequences; nicely analyzed the differences of opinion amongst the different denominations of the reformed; the differences of the Lutherans and the Calvinists from one another; and the differences of the various subdivisions of the Lutherans, and the various subdivisions of the Calvinists amongst themselves. For four long years did I study the controversial writings of *Luther*, on the one side, and *Erasmus*, on the other, on the subjects of original sin, free will, and sovereign grace. Twice have I transcribed the confessions of faith of the different reformed churches; and made quires of extracts from the excellent discussions of the learned and enlightened

Melancthon. Not a page of the two great metaphysical fathers, *St. Austin* of the Latin, and *John Damascenus* of the Greek, church, has escaped my diligent investigation; and that I might make myself complete master of the question, and thoroughly understand the subject, I have read over and over again whatever the sages of the *Academy*, and the *Porch*, have written on the order of the divine decrees, and of the το πρωτον and the το εσχατον, the first, and the last, in the energies of the divine mind. To these *exemplaria Græca* did I dedicate, for six successive years, the light of the day, and the silence of the night, in exact obedience to the rule prescribed by one of the first masters of study that ever existed; *nocturnâ versare manu, versare diurnâ.*

Draw. All this may be true, sir, but still it is below my dignity to hold conversation with you, for you cannot deny that you are an *heretic* and an *apostate.*

Skip. An *heretic*, quotha! That is as much as to say, because I don't look

through *your spectacles*, I can't *see at all.* You have not lived to these years, I suppose, without knowing what the difference is between *orthodoxy* and *heterodoxy;* that the one is *my own doxy*, and the latter, *another man's doxy**. So much for *heresy:* and, with respect to *apostacy*, was I to

* A laughable circumstance occurred two or three years ago amongst the *orthodox* divines at Bath, which puts their claim to *infallibility* upon nearly as *respectable* a foundation as that of *Lord Peter* himself. An honest curate, more conscientious than politic, had given no little disgust to his rector, and his *right-hand* man, Drawcansir, by a style of preaching, which, from its *earnestness,* they chose to call methodistical. Like the high-priests and scribes of old, they had taken the precaution of employing hearers who might *entrap him in his words.* A sermon, at length, was reported to them of a most culpable nature, and full of methodistical abomination. At the instigation of Drawcansir, the unfortunate discourse was demanded by the rector. *Fag,* the curate, submitted to the requisition. A synod was held upon its spirit and tendency. Judgment was pronounced upon it, and the curate informed, that it should be immediately transmitted to the diocesan. He made no objection to the appeal, but requested that a *strip of paper* might be sent to his Lordship at the same time, which contained a reference to the works of

blame, think you, for quitting a company of which I had been *long ashamed* ?*— Could I have remained in such *society* with a quiet conscience, depend upon it I should have known my own interest better than to have left it. But I was too honest to be *paid* for the performance of duties which I *hired* another person to fulfil; and to preach doctrines which were contrary to the *articles* of *the church*†. No, no, I'm

Bishop Hopkins, where might be found, *verbatim et literatim*, the whole of the anathematized sermon! So much for orthodoxy!

* There are those who ill-naturedly insinuate that this was not a *disinterested resignation*. They tell us, that the doctor had incurred no less than eleven penalties on the *qui tam* act, for non-residence; and as the parishioners threatened to sue for them if he did *not resign*, he chose the lesser evil of the two, and gave up a living that was hardly worth holding, rather than incur the heavy mulct of the statute. EDITOR.

† One very favorite topic of declamation with this petulant little divine is, as I am informed, the faults and errors of the clergy of the establishment, and the defects of the system itself. Being permitted, a few months ago, to ascend the pulpit of Lady Huntingdon's chapel, (the *wretched ranters* of which generally keep

not like one of your own fraternity, who is well known to entertain the same senti-

up the same senseless cry,) he dared to *befoul* the cloth with the most impertinent censures, to calumniate the establishment, and speak evil of its dignities. Now, though I am far from being the champion of the church-ministry in every respect; though I cannot attempt to excuse the *rapacity* of some, in the matter of *tythes;* the *want* of *conscience* of others, in *absenting* themselves from their *livings;* the priestly *pride, pomp, ambition,* and *intolerance* of a third set; though I do not say a word in favour of clerical *proprietors* of *fashionable chapels; fox-hunting parsons; card-playing doctors;* or *drunken curates;* yet this I will be bold to assert, that, take the English clergy as an aggregate, no other profession, or body of men, will be able to produce so many examples, as they can produce, of piety of life, pureness of manners, extent, variety, and depth of learning; soundness of philosophy; and what crowns the whole, *liberality* of *sentiment.* It seems, also, that the *doctrines* of the established ministry, as they are generally delivered from our pulpits, are the frequent subjects of this pert doctor's ridicule and reprehension. If, indeed, rationality and simplicity; mildness and temperance; freedom from the impiety of Calvinism; the wildness of enthusiasm; and the dismal darkness of fanaticism, characterize antichristian doctrines, I am willing to concede that the great body of English *Arminian* divines are the most heterodox set of men in the

ments with myself, and yet continues to make one of the herd which he continually

world; but if, on the other hand, it be the duty of the ministers of religion, to unfold to their hearers the pure, simple, and rational truths of the gospel; to irradiate their minds with the cheering, comfortable, and refreshing beams of its heavenly light; to press upon their consciences the obligation of fulfilling its beautiful precepts; to kindle their love by representations of the divine goodness; to awaken their gratitude by views of God's compassion; to inflame their piety, and confirm their virtue by plain and forcible recitals of the terms of salvation; *then* I think I may fairly assume, that no body of spiritual teachers under Heaven can boast so conscientious a fulfilment of their pastoral duties as the established clergy of this land. The doctor in question, I understand, professes an intimate acquaintance with the *fathers of the church.* I, also, in my time, have *dubbled a little* with this venerable fraternity; and many passages from their writings remain on my recollection which were imprinted there, by the good sense and liberal spirit by which, when I read them, they appeared to me to have been dictated. I submit them to his attention, that, haply, he may lower the tone of his *high doctrines,* and lessen that *conceit* in the *infallibility* of his *own notions,* which, I am well informed, he entertains. St. Jerome. *Sola scripturarum ars est quam sibi omnes passim vendicant; hance garrula anus, hanc* DELIRUS SENEX, *hanc sophista verbosus, hanc universi*

abuses. However, nothing better could be expected from the *tender* conscience of

præsumant, lacerant, docent antequam discunt. To teach religion seems to be the only art which does not require *common sense* in the exercise of it; hence it happens that every old woman, aged dotard, and noisy declaimer, take upon them to instruct others in what they do not themselves understand; and the consequence of it is, as he observes in another place, *Quicquid dixerint hoc legem Dei putant;* that, whatsoever they assert, they think (or pretend) has been dictated by the spirit of God. Such men as these (according to *St. Basil*), εν προσποιησαι εξηγησεως τα εαυτω παρεισαγωσιν; "pretending to interpret, only palm upon us their own conceits." "There are persons," says *Isidorus Pelusiota*, τα γαρ μη αυτον ειρημενα εκβιαζομενοι, και τα αδιοστως ειρημενα υποπτευεσθαι παρασκευαζουσιν; "who, *forcing* the scriptures to talk *nonsense* on *some points*, render them suspected in all;" and who thus put a means of injuring religion into the hands of its enemies, which they would not possess, if these unwise believers did not themselves supply them; ουκ εν τοις εαυτων δυγμασι την ισχυν εχοντες, αλλ' εν τοις ημετερων σαθροις ταυτην θηρευοντες; as *Nazienzen* remarks. And to close the whole, let me recommend the following passage of St. Austin; and as one part of it applies to his *air-balloon doctrines*, so I trust he will learn from the other, the praise-worthy diffidence and modesty of the venerable father.—Mallem quidem eorum quæ a me quæsivisti habere scientiam

Doctor Vineyards, who, entrusted to hold the *living* of his *friend* (and that, too, his only property) for the use of his *son,* when the youth came of age to receive it, was suddenly seized with such qualms against the commission of a simoniacal act, as compelled him, *unwillingly,* to keep the preferment for *himself.* The world, indeed, which did not sympathize with the *delicate feelings,* nor understand the nice scruples of the holy Doctor, would probably have *sent him to Coventry* for this sacrifice to his *conscience,* had not his patroness given £1000, *hush-money,* to the disappointed party; for the doctor was too valuable a preacher to be silenced; a *great theologian* like some other people; with lungs as tough and durable as your own;

quam ignorantiam; sed quia id non potui, magis eligo cautam ignorantiam confiteri, quam falsam scientiam profiteri. "I should be glad to answer the abstruse points you submit to me, if I were able; but as I cannot do it, I had rather acknowledge an excusable ignorance, than affect a knowledge I did not possess." And so much for Dr. Skipper!

Apostate, indeed! and pray, sir, might not I, with equal justice, call another person a *rebel* to his old mother the church, and a traitor to her protectress the government, for endeavouring in his publications to defraud the one of some of her most essential doctrines, and for flying in the face of the other, by refusing to read on a *fast day* a part of the service appointed by the law of the land to be read, because it breathed the spirit of Christian *charity* towards his dissenting brethren*?

Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum?

Is this the *orthodox* mode of manifesting religion and loyalty?

* "Give us grace to put away from us all *rancour* of *religious dissension*; that we, who agree in the essentials of our most holy truth, and look for pardon through the merits and intercessions of a Saviour, may, notwithstanding our differences upon points of *doubtful opinion*, still be united in the bonds of Christian charity, and fulfil thy blessed Son's commandment of loving one another as he hath loved us."

Draw. Sir, I insist upon it that you treat with more respect a church-dignitary, a man of *tried zeal* in the cause of the *faith.*

Skip. *Zeal,* forsooth! Ha, ha, ha! a pretty abuse of words, indeed.—Is it *zeal* that teaches a dignitary to neglect the duties of his office, and a pastor the interest of his *flock,* by residing *out* of the diocese, which confers upon him his *honors,* and furnishes him with his *tythes?* Is it *zeal* which impels him to leave his sheep to hirelings and wolves, whilst he's waging a *distant* war, and pouring out abuse against the poor dissenters, calling one blockhead, and another rogue, as spleen may suggest:

Hunc Furiam, hunc aliud, jussit quod splendida bilis?

What is such zeal as *this,* when compared with *mine?* I, who have for twenty years together preached three sermons, on three days of every week, at places 20 miles distant from each other? I, who have held forth for two hours upon a stretch, from

the top of an empty hogshead, to crowded markets, in half the towns of Somerset and Wilts? I, who have 50 times planted myself at the doors of those *devil's drawing rooms*, the play-houses, card-houses, and music-houses here in Bath, and exhorted them who were entering therein to turn their backs upon these pits of destruction? I, who have as often triumphed over the attack of dead cats, rotten eggs, and every other unseemly shot, discharged at my head whilst I was haranguing the mob, and at length silenced the noise of the unruly multitude by the persevering strength of my unconquerable lungs?

Draw. But, have I not *built* a *church?* Have I not—

Skip. Fair and softly, your reverence. He "who builds a church to God, and not to fame," has a just claim to the praise of *zeal;* but where the principle has been reversed, the pretension cannot be admitted. If the builder have raised the fabrick merely as a *stage* for his *own acting;* as a plaything to soothe his *pride* and gratify

his *vanity;* that he may sit on one of its gilded *thrones*, squat like the *Teeshoo Lama* in his pagoda; or, like his own proper prototype the pope, cajoling the people from the chair of St. Peter; ωςε αυτον εις τον ναον τε θεε ως θεον καθισαι αποδεικνυοντα εαυτον οτι εστι θεος: if contributions to hospitals, dispensaries, and charity-schools, be taxed for the purchase of all this finery; we may depend upon it, that the honest public will attribute the erection of the fabrick to any thing but the *zeal* of the architect.

Draw. 'Tis false, thou base detractor; the suffrage of the world is in my favor. A large party—

Skip. Aye, aye, so *you say;* but that does not make it a whit the more true. I don't doubt, indeed, there are some who toss up their hats, and shout "Drawcansir, the *zealous* theologian, for ever!" but, depend upon it, man, this is not the cry of the general voice.—You will have your deserts from your contemporaries, and *posterity* will not be unjust to your real merits;

"Suum quique decus rependit posteritas."

It little matters what such men as the *ci-divant* illuminati brothers, and your friend and admirer, *Gaffar Smut* (who follow you, as Aristotle tells us the tiger does the rhinoceros, to eat up what drops from his tail), shall say in your behalf, because the world, I believe, does not rate them beyond their value, and, consequently, their good word will not pass for much. Indeed, I often feel surprised that a man of your shrewdness should encourage such adherents. Don't you see, that the *little gemini* are merely endeavouring to escape from their *native insignificance*, and raise themselves into temporary notice, by uniting their name with that of a man who makes *some noise* in the world? and cannot you discover, that your reverend partizan clings to you at present, only that he may have an excuse for *catching at your mantle*, when you are translated (not to heaven, like Elijah,) but to the dignities and profits of a comfortable *see?* You know, I suppose, that it would not be the first time of his feeding off the crumbs that fell from an

episcopal table; or of his having made a meal on the *leavings* of a *bishop!*

Draw. Read the Anti-jacobin Review, thou reviler of dignities, and blush (if thou hast grace enough in thee to be ashamed of any thing) at thy slander of a man, whom these unquestioned judges of merit have clothed with every excellence, and pronounced to be most *worthy* of a *mitre.*

Skip. Do pardon me, great sir, if I prefer the authority of sober reason, common sense, and vulgar fame, before that even of these infallible critics. I am of Horace's kidney, and have an *awkward* way of judging for myself:

Nullius addictus jurare in vèrba magistri.

You will, I dare say, excuse the garrulity of age if I tell you a story. Some years ago, a man was brought to Tyburn for a sacrilege which he had committed. He was now under the gallows; the rope was round his neck, and the cap drawn over his eyes: the love of fame, however, "that last infirmity of noble minds;" in other words, the natural wish that posterity

might consider him as less a rogue than he really was, induced him to make one effort to impress the spectators with an idea that he was hanged unjustly. He accordingly requested to speak to the multitude, and thus addressed them.—"My friends, I die innocent of the crime laid to my charge." Here murmurs of the injustice of the law ran through the crowd—"I have always lived a sober, regular, and honest life; and done my duty in the state wherein I was placed"—sighs were heard from all quarters, and tears began to fall from many eyes—"I could name hundreds who would speak to my innocence and uprightness; and this man (pointing to the executioner) who has known me from my youth, will testify that Pat Flannigan never did any thing that was contrary to law, at all at all." This unfortunate appeal dissipated the tears and sighs of the multitude in a moment; and nothing was heard but—"Off with the rascal! off with the rascal!—we want no further proof of his guilt, than his calling *Jack Ketch to his character!*" Ha! ha! ha!

Draw. Intolerable insolence! But can

you deny, Mr. Jackanapes, that I manifest zeal by my *preaching* and *works?* Don't I denounce curses against worldly amusements, and fashionable follies*? Don't I

* Drawcansir, it seems, has exercised his eloquence both from the pulpit and the press, against places of public amusements, particularly *the theatre*; which he considers (as barber Strap did the metropolis) "the devil's drawing-room;" the great hot-bed of all abomination. But, *nemo omnibus horis sapit*; the *wisest* men are sometimes inconsistent; and so it happened with this elder Cato of modern times. Being in London a few seasons ago, and desirous to indulge a curiosity which he could not decently gratify at Bath, the scene of his denunciations of high-life gaieties, he stole one night to Drury-lane, flattering himself he should remain unobserved, amongst the large and indiscriminate multitude which flock to these places of public relaxation. But the *great* are always in *danger*. He descended into a box, and seeing a seat before him which had no occupant but a *hat*, he removed this unresisting proprietor from its place, and quietly settled himself there in its stead. Before a minute had elapsed, the *head* which belonged to the hat, popped into the box; and in a stentorian voice, demanded Drawcansir's abdication of the seat. The sturdy *hero of the rights of the church*, however, contended that nobody had asserted any claim upon the place when he took possession of it, and, consequently, that he held it by a *legal title*. "True," replied his

keep a *poor-box* over my chimney-piece, to—

Skip. "Tax other's pockets instead of his own," as the old song says.—Why I suppose *you* could point out a rector, only a few miles from hence, who thus

antagonist, "but though my hat could not *speak*, it *intimated* that the seat belonged to another." The distinction not satisfying our scholastic divine, he demurred to the argument, and protested his determination to maintain his situation. The indignant claimant immediately rushed forward to eject the intruder, *vi et armis*. On the other hand, Drawcansir, like Satan,

> "Collecting all his might dilated stood,
> Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd;
> His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
> Sat Horror plum'd:—now dreadful deeds
> Might have ensued—"

if the screams of the ladies, and the shouts of the upper gallery, had not called the constables to their duty, who quickly settled the dispute, by obliging both gentlemen to quit the box. The adventure would have been merged in that multitude of similar events which are perpetually occurring at a London theatre, had not an occasional hearer of Drawcansir's been unfortunately privy to the scene, who communicated the particulars of it to my uncle.—EDITOR.

builds up a character for charity at the expence of his friends. I'll tell you an *anecdote* of him. In the times of scarcity, a few years back, the church-wardens of his parish determined on throwing a large piece of *waste ground* into *potatoes;* and setting apart its produce for the necessitous families in the neighbourhood. When the crop was nearly ripe, they waited upon their pastor, and explaining their intention to him, requested he would wave his claim to the *tythe* of the produce. "No," said he, "gentlemen, I cannot sacrifice the *rights* of the *church*, nor, in *justice* to my *successor*, give up my *legal pretensions.* I shall therefore take my *tythe* of the potatoes, but you may depend upon it, I will make a *liberal distribution* of what I receive. The potatoes were accordingly dug up; the *tythe* of them carried home, and shortly after *given away* at market, by the generous rector, at the rate of ONE GUINEA per sack. Ha! ha! ha!

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part;
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his heart.—

"God cannot love," says he, with tearless eyes,
"The wretch he starves"—and piously denies.

POPE.

Draw. Contemptible reptile! But I'll not demean myself by being in a passion with you.—You shall hear from me, sir, through the channel of the Court of King's Bench. —Yes, sir, I'll bring an action of *defamation* against you.—

Skip. I'm not afraid of you, Mr. Blusterer.

Κυνος ομματ' εχων κραδιην δ' ελαφοιο.
With face canine, but deer-like heart.

My motto, upon all occasions, is the saying of your friend St. Jerome. *Mori possum, tacere non possum;* I'm determined to speak out, let the consequence be what it may. But I believe you'll not thrust yourself unnecessarily into *that* court. You'll remember what has been the MEED of certain persons in similar cases. Depend upon it, the plan of *secretly* circulating abuse will be much more safe for *you* than the verdict

of a *special jury*.—Besides, his lordship of the *Fens* will here lend you his assistance; and so far befriend you, that if he cannot prove your case, he'll at least take half the odium of defeat from your shoulders. Let me advise you, therefore, to ask aid of the *bishop* instead of the *chief justice*; and as you are a great admirer of the *Fathers*, to adopt on all occasions the sage hint of *Ignatius*:

Χωρὶς τȣ̃ ἐπισκόπȣ μηδὲν ποιεῖτε.

to do nothing without the *co-operation* of his *ludship*.—

APPENDIX.

AWARE that it is far beneath the *dignity* of an *author* (and such the *publication* of a *book* permits me, I trow, to denominate myself) to notice animadversions upon his productions, circulated through the channel of an obscure and contemptible provincial paper, I deem it necessary, before I thus *degrade* the *profession*, to deprecate the wrath of my *brethren of the quill*, by humbly craving their pardon upon my offence, and binding myself by the most solemn promise, that, after this one deviation from the regulations of the *literary corps*, I will, in no wise, and upon no occasion, *descend* for one moment, in word or deed, from the *lofty self-importance* of our venerable calling. They will, I flatter myself, consider the act (what it really is) as a

sacrifice of *dignity* to *justice;* and therefore pardon the sin, though they cannot sympathize with the feeling that occasioned it. In the Bath Heralds of Nov. 27th, Dec. 4th and 12th, appeared the following letters and notes.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE BATH HERALD.

No. I.

SIR, Nov. 25, 1807.

As no man can approve his being exhibited to his fellow-citizens as an object of animadversion or derision, it is natural for an individual, on whose character an attack of this kind is made, to endeavour to find out his aggressor. Indeed the public at large is in some degree interested in such a discovery; since what is one man's fate to-day, may be another's to-morrow. Not to speak of directly scandalous misrepresentations, where are the persons so exempt from failings, that may not be either exag-

gerated by the tongue of envy and slander, or distorted through the medium of ridicule and satire, so as to gratify the too general malignity of the human heart? For this reason, it is laudable to acquire, by proper means, an information which may be beneficial to our neighbours in general; and who would not wish to be able to say of the author of a late mischievous publication, which may have disturbed private peace, and has undoubtedly excited much public curiosity—

Fœnum habet in cornu longe fuge?

The great misfortune is, that in the avidity of such an inquiry, the innocent too often suffers for the guilty; and I yesterday witnessed an abuse of this kind (originating no doubt with one of the lowest of the multitude) which ought not to pass unnoticed—the name of a most respectable gentleman, together with his place of residence, was inscribed on the walls of some of the most frequented parts of this town,

Peter Paul Pallet, 29, Circus. Now all who have the pleasure of knowing the gentleman alluded to, are convinced that he possesses too much dignity of mind to employ his eminent talents in so servile and illiberal a work; but they know also, that a consciousness of his integrity will lead him to despise in silence, rather than condescend personally to remove, any suspicions of the nature above mentioned, which may be floating in the higher circles of society. Hence, with a view to arrive at the knowledge of the real writer of the *Bath Characters,* I beg leave to suggest, that the *intimate* friends of this gentleman would do well, on *his authority,* to contradict, in the most express manner, the base insinuation which has been circulated with no small degree of activity. In consequence of this, investigation will be directed with increased zeal into other channels, success may attend its efforts, and a proper odium light on the head of the person who justly merits it.—I am, sir, yours, &c.

DICAIOPHILOS.

No. II.

MR. PRINTER, Nov. 30, 1807.

SINCE writing the letter which you apologized for omitting last week, I am happy to find that my apprehension of not being able to obtain a personal and public contradiction to the rumour so prevalent is in a great degree removed. I read with much pleasure in that paper, *Mr. Thomas Falconer*'s distinct and positive disavowal of any knowledge of the author of the *last* dialogue in the *Bath Characters*, in consequence of its having been *ascribed to him.* Such a conduct is to be commended as liberal, and worthy of a respectable member of society. I am only sorry it does not extend so far as to spare him all further trouble in this disagreeable business; for it is proper he should be informed, that from his only declaring the *fifth* dialogue was not his composition, the other four are now *ascribed* to him, and his father, as a joint production. Hence he will no doubt have the goodness to satisfy the public, in

the same laudable manner, on this allegation; as a total silence would lead to the *inevitable* conclusion, that one or both are concerned in writing the whole or some part of the said dialogues. Indeed, that same *justice* to the author, with a proper sense of which *Mr. Falconer* is so strongly impressed as to make the first disavowal, will no doubt equally induce him to make the second, in every respect as much, if not more, necessary.

D.

No. III.

Chatham-Row, Dec. 10, 1807.

Dr. Sheppard informs the author of a late scurrilous publication, that he has inserted what is not true of two other characters; Dr. S. was in London at the time when Dr. Haweis (whom it is presumed he calls *Dr. Vineyards)* took the living of Aldwinkle. He heard the story from the

mouths of Dr. Madan and Mr. Kimpton. Kimpton was a dissenter; he had Aldwinkle to dispose of, the rector being dead. The benefice was valued at £1000. Kimpton had two-thirds of the said living, and he borrowed £300 of Mr. Savage, of Spital-fields, to purchase the other share. Mr. Savage told Dr. S. this himself. He could not sell it till within a week of its lapse to the bishop. If a patron does not present within six months to a living, the bishop of the diocese has a right to present. Kimpton applied to Dr. Madan, late of the Lock chapel, London, for advice; he never told Dr. Madan or Dr. Haweis his circumstances, that he was a poor man, and could not afford to give the living away. Mr. Madan recommended to him his curate, Dr. Haweis. Kimpton said he would present Dr. Haweis, if he would resign the living as soon as he could sell it. Dr. Haweis was asked if he would take it on these terms. He answered, if he would give it to him *out and out* he would take it, not otherwise. Kimpton took a day or

two to consider of it, and then came and presented it. Six months afterwards he published a pamphlet, implying that he was an injured man, and robbed of his living. Mr. Madan answered; let it be known that it is simony by our ecclesiastic laws to buy a living, the incumbent being dead: it is also simony to take a living with a promise of resignation, in order that the same may be sold. A clamour instantly arose in the religious world against Mr. Madan, as the adviser of Kimpton; and Dr. Haweis, for taking the said living. It was brought upon the stage in a play called the Hypocrite. Lady Huntingdon hearing of the circumstances of Kimpton, gave him a thousand pounds for the said living. This is the truth. Some condemned, others approved, of the conduct of Dr. Haweis.

No. IV.

Another untruth is told of *Dr. Vegetable.* The gentleman supposed to be al-

luded to has two curates; to one he gives £100. per ann. that is, the said curacy is made up so much, though the salary is only £75. per ann. To the other he gives £50. per ann. for single duty.

No. V.

THE printer has just received a long letter, with the London post-mark, signed P. P. P. evidently the production of a writer who has lately acquired considerable notoriety in this city. In the hurry attending the day of publication, especially when the arrival of the mail is retarded by the weather, the author will be satisfied with this remark—that *this letter requires most mature consideration.* To satisfy, however, the public on the import of this epistle, the printer states that it chiefly relates to what P. P. P. calls the unjustifiable means exerted in discovering the author of the Bath Characters. "The secret," he says, "of the author, is locked in his own

breast, and will probably die with him: it is known not even to his publisher; and this letter will no more lead you or any person to a discovery, than if it dropped from the moon." *Friday morn.*

Now for our defence and remarks.

After unequivocally asserting that I am *not* the author of the letter alluded to in No. 5, nor acquainted at all with the person that wrote it, I proceed to an examination of the other delectable *morceaux* of criticism and reprehension; inverting the order in which they stand above, and *dragging* them to the *slaughter-house*, as the rogue *Cacus* did the oxen of *Hercules*, with the *tail* foremost:

Caudâ in speluncam tractos;

Or, to be more explicit, adopting the ὑστεροπροτερον, a figure of rhetoric, well known to the English reader, under the familiar phrase of "putting the cart before the horse."

With respect to No. 4, my remarks shall be as brief as its subject will allow them to be—*Qui capit ille facit.* If the gentleman to whom the writer of that paragraph alludes can say, THAT his *northern* curacy was at *no* time during his incumbency so low as five or six guineas per annum; and that it was *not* raised to its present amount in consequence of the *act of parliament* for increasing the wages of *journeymen parsons* —THAT he did *not* swear and engage at his ordination, and institution to his livings, to "feed and tend the flock committed to his care," and "minister the discipline of Christ as the Lord has commanded"—THAT he conscientiouly believes he is as *beneficially* employed (I do not mean to *himself*, but to the community) in dealing out tropes and figures from the richly-embroidered and velvet-coated pulpit of his grand chapel at Bath, to the *Dutchess* of *this;* the *Lady that;* and the *Lord knows-who;* as he would be in telling a plain tale of christian duty to his own proper congregations—THAT he seriously thinks he is serving his heavenly

master (to whose service he has most solemnly dedicated himself) as faithfully and effectually at the routes and card-tables at Bath, as he would be were he instructing the ignorant; comforting the sick; relieving the poor; and solacing the afflicted in the parishes from whence *he draws his tythes* * ; I would then allow that he is an

* The evil tendency (for I say nothing of the want of *moral* and *concientious* feeling in those who practise it) of this base dereliction of their flocks by the beneficed clergy, must be sufficiently manifest to any man of common understanding: and we can hardly determine whether it be more characterized by *dishonesty* or *impolicy*. But the practice is not confined, it seems, to the higher *species* of ecclesiastics; it pervades the *genus*, and *parish clerks*, imitating the example of their masters, are now as guilty of non-residence, as the most careless priests of the establishment. At a vestry held a few weeks ago in a large parish in Bath, a complaint having been presented of the enormous sums exacted for the fees of the parson and his clerk, poor *sol-fa* was called to an account for his extortion. "I is not to blame," said the sagacious servant of the church, "Maister has aal my fees. I beant clark, but the clerk's *daputy*; and who he is, the lord only, and the parson knows." Astonished at this information, the chairman of the vestry demanded an explanation of the rector. "Oh, sir!" returned the incumbent, "by no

injured man, and would expunge the second dialogue from the *next edition* of the characters.

"Oh! fye upon it, fye upon it!" How can an incumbent justify to himself *such* a mode of *carrying on trade* as this? or, how can a *diocesan* answer it to his conscience (in defiance of a late act of parliament, and a recent order of the privy-council) *to wink* at such proceedings?—We need look no further for the increase of sectaries, and the progress of schism; nor longer wonder, that even the *holy zeal* of the *disinterested Drawcansir* himself has been unable hitherto to lessen the numbers of the one, or check the march of the other.

As to No. 3, I shall not long detain the

means an uncommon case. The clerkships of such parishes as these, are too valuable things to be given to *vulgar men.* We generally bestow them upon some poor relations; give them as portions to younger sons; or dispose of them for a good round sum of ready money. The office *does not require residence*; and the gentleman who holds the one in question, is now living by the *fees* of *that*, and the *profits* of his own *profession*, in *Lincoln's-inn-fields!!!*"

reader. From the *entire dissimilarity* of Dr. Sheppard's friend's case, and that of *Dr. Vineyards*, it is manifest to any one with *half an eye*, that the *former* could not have *sat for the portrait*, which I have given under the name of the latter. I shall, however, venture to say, that *Dr. Vineyards* is a *rigid likeness* of his original, if any authority may be attributed to the generally-received popular axiom, WHAT EVERY BODY SAYS MUST BE TRUE.

With the author of the letter No. 4, I should be inclined to express myself in very indignant terms, were it not my plan, as well as my nature, to *laugh* rather than to *scold*. I cannot, however, pass it over without observing, that the writer of it must be considered as having taken a step equally insolent and unjustifiable, and the publisher of it as deserving the most *serious censure*, in *daring* to hold out to obnoxious notice, and public discussion, two respectable names as the *supposed* authors of a work which, in another letter, he considers as deserving *general odium*. Happily, the dignity of character, and solid worth of

both these gentlemen, stand upon too broad and subtantial a basis to be shaken by the blast of calumny, or undermined by the secret sap of sly insinuation; for, if common report (my only means of knowledge on the subject) have given me true information respecting them, their high attainments, and excellent qualities; the virtue, probity, capacity, and knowledge of the father; and the integrity, consistency, honor, and talents of the son, must place them far above the suspicion of any act, which even the most distorted or fastidious eye could consider as reprehensible. But enough of this. I may say with Junius; "I am not conversant in the language of panegyric. These praises are extorted from me: but they will wear well; for, they have been dearly earned."—

I come now to notice the letter No. I.— Its writer it seems is a *lover of justice* (for so his signature imports*); then *justice let him have.*

Fiat Justitia ruat cœlum.

* Would you believe, reader, that this *disinterested*

Fully satisfied as I am, that *moral worth and virtue* cannot be rendered ridiculous by all the arts of satire, I confess I do not see either the *disgrace* or *impropriety* of exercising an instrument, whose injurious influence will not extend beyond the precincts of *Folly* and *Vice.* It was under this impression that I took up my pen to essay its powers of *moral castigation*, and I am *hardened* enough to acknowledge, that I feel content with the *mode* in which it has carried on its attacks, and with the results which these have produced. It has held up none as "objects of animadversion or derision," except such as well deserved either the blame or contempt of "their fellow-citizens." It has not dealt in "scandalous misrepresentations;" nor "exaggerated failings" beyond their real magnitude, since the general voice has pronounced that its likenesses are drawn with the most *striking exactness.* It cannot have "disturbed the private peace" of any

lover of justice (as I have within this hour been informed by letter) is no other than the truly apostolical Dr. Vegetable himself?

family, because the objects of its attacks are only those habits of profligacy or folly, with the existence of which *domestic happiness* is altogether incompatible.

Had I, indeed, attempted to excite the laugh, or direct the finger of scorn at honorable principle, modest merit, or honest industry; had I wantonly sported with the good man's feeling, or even the virtuous man's "failings:" had I, to "gratify the too general malignity of the human heart," broken in, ruffian-like, upon the sacred circle of domestic felicity, ridiculed its charities, or endeavoured to blast its innocent joys; *then* should I most justly have "merited" all "the odium" that *Dikaiophilos* is willing to accumulate upon my head, and have felt myself compelled to acknowledge, that his classical scrap applied to me with the most happy propriety. But, will the *world* allow (and to *that* I make my appeal, in preference to a *writer* who is evidently himself one of the stricken "deer"), will the *world* allow, I say, that I deserve *odium* for an attempt,

however feeble, in times so "big with fate" as the present unparalleled ones, to arrest the progress of profligacy and irreligion; to shame the insolence of vanity and folly; to abash the lofty spirit of an immoral dissipation, and an emasculating luxury, which insult the wretchedness of the poor, wound the feelings of the good, and awaken the alarms of every reflecting mind in the kingdom? Will the wise, the judicious, and the honorable, condemn me for tearing the mask from the face of hypocrisy; and exposing the pernicious *humbug*, and the vain pretensions of quackery, empiricism, and *charletanerie?*—NO:—*Individuals* who feel the smart of the lash may complain of the "malignity" of its application; but the plain honesty and sober common sense of the public will pronounce without hesitation, that strict *justice* guides the hand which wields it.

In the estimation, however, of the letter-writer, it seems that I ought to be denounced as the enemy of society, at least "amongst the higher circles; and

" Pursued with havock in the tyrannous hunt,"

till " the increased zeal of investigation" after my birth, parentage, and education, name, and place of abode, shall have been attended with success; " and a proper odium" be at length imposed " upon the head of the person who has so justly merited it." From the mode which I have adopted in publishing my volume, it is far from *probable* that its *author* should be *discovered.* But, whether or not this shall be the case, I would inform this diligent enquirer after the *true* P. P. Pallet, that I am not very careful as to the *result* of this industrious search. As I have never attached much *value* to the

" Smile of villains, or the praise of fools,"

so neither am I solicitous to deprecate their *odium.* But little accustomed to *fear* any thing, save the rebukes of my conscience and the displeasure of the *good,* and far from anticipating that *these* conse-

quences would follow the detection of the real author of the dialogues; the *indignation* of *such* characters as the letter-writer, would only awaken in my mind the emotion of *contempt*. I foresee, indeed, that "the higher circles," to which he seems to affix peculiar importance, would partake in the resentful feelings of *Dikaiophilos* towards the *true* P. P. Pallet; but even this *mighty misfortune* would lie lightly on my spirit. LONG CONVINCED THAT TO THEIR DEGENERATE PRINCIPLES AND DISSOLUTE MANNERS MAY BE TRACED ALL THE MORAL AND POLITICAL EVILS OF MY DEGRADED AND UNHAPPY COUNTRY, I have ceased to regard them with feelings of attachment and respect. Satisfied with the valuable familiar intercourse of a *few kindred spirits*, I want neither the friendship nor esteem of the "fond many."—The good opinion of the οι πολλοι, of both the *lower* and "the higher circles," is not an object of ambition with me; since the *one* I sincerely *pity*, and the *other* I cordially *despise*.

ONE word more, and dropping my pen, and quitting my character of author, I retire into my own original and peaceful obscurity. Amongst other unjustifiable methods which have been adopted to vilify the author of " the Bath Characters," and to quash the sale of his work, I have *the best information*, that *one* is pursued with the utmost diligence, and some success; that of representing him as an *infidel*, and *prophaner* of things *sacred*, whose unhallowed hand has rudely uncovered the ark, polluted the altar, and reviled its priests, in order to degrade the dignity and lessen the influence of *religion*. Against such an odious charge as this I have the best consolation in the dictates of my own heart, and in the conviction that HE, who now sees its workings, and watches the motions of my pen, knows that it is FALSE. He knows, that the simple religion of the Gospel is, to me, " a pearl above price;" my bosom's best friend, solace, and support; and that if I be deficient in *charity* to any class of my fellow-creatures, it is

to *atheists* and *infidels*, practical and speculative, who, in the present day, are so numerously and actively employed in pulling down the only foundation of human happiness—FAITH IN CHRISTIANITY. He knows how *poorly* I think both of their *honesty* and *talents:* of their *honesty*, because they *condemn* without *investigation;* of their *talents*, because, when by accident they have condescended to *reason*, they have been easily confuted, and invariably "laughed to scorn*." But declar-

* Ea est ætatis hujus corruptela, ut si quis præter solitum sapere videri velit, tum id se adepturum speret, cum vaticiniis prophetarum, et Christi sanguine ac miraculis fundatam Religionem, tot gentium consensu receptam, tot virorum doctorum lucubrationibus assertam, magna sibi cura a parentibus traditam, nec penitus tamen sibi perspectam homo in ejus gremio natus et eductus, mediocris fortasse ingenii, parum doctrina, temeritate satis instructus pessumdat, et sic tanquam subdolorum hominum figmentum, errorem stolidorum, solertiorum ludibrium, traducit et proculcat. Demonstrat. Evangel. Huetii in Præf. p. 2.—A work, which I earnestly recommend to the careful perusal of *such* of our present race of *deeply-thinking, philosophical,* and *enlightened* unbelievers and sceptics, as have *learning*

ing thus much, I must at the same time *assert*, that I regard with a *disgust* almost equal to this feeling of indignation, the *lamentable corruptions* with which enthusiasts, bigots, and knaves, have deformed the heavenly simplicity of our faith;

enough to read it; *moral taste* sufficient to relish its *results*; and *candor* enough to acknowledge its irresistible *conclusions*. Would one not be almost tempted to think, that in the above admirable passage, the author looked forward, with a prophetic eye, to the character of Mr. Hume, the great apostle of the infidels, and the mischief that has been brought upon society by this wretched man, and the *spawn* of his superficial school? Will it be deemed illiberal, if I lament that so many of our *young medical adventurers* of the present age should be disciples of this base enemy of the religion of his country? Or will these *enlightened* gentlemen consider me as impertinent, if I suggest to them that *their* pretensions to *sagacity* are not increased by their disbelieving *that*, which the wisest of mankind have, for centuries, pronounced to be *demonstration*; nor their claims to *our confidence* strengthened, by their openly vilifying, or secretly endeavouring to undermine, the only intelligible foundation of all *moral obligation*, and the only security of all *conscientious* conduct—our HOLY RELIGION? —Heavens! how long will the world be in leading-strings to fools and knaves?

which, perplexing it with intricacies, stripping it of all rationality, or converting it into a scheme of *worldly politics*, have thrown so weighty an argument against its divinity into the scale of its adversaries, as they, with all their malignant industry, would have been unable to adduce. I must *assert*, that, in my opinion, all the schemes of faith which have been constructed by the worldly and political wisdom of the high-priest, the pride of the schismatic, and the acrimony of the sectarist, are as unlike the pure, intelligible, and impartial religion of Christ as black from white;

" As far removed from God, and light of Heaven,
" As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole :"

That, genuine christianity is only to be found in the New Testament, particularly in the writings of the four evangelists: *that*, all human articles and systems have obscured its light, marred its beauty, and impeded its propagation; *that*, it consists

simply in *repentance* of past transgression, *faith* in Jesus Christ, as our Messiah, mediator, and lawgiver, and *amendment* of life, manifested in a course of obedience to the will of the one eternal God, revealed by his Son in the ever-blessed Gospel; and *that*, what our *faith* and *practice* should be, may be best learned from the words of Christ and his apostle—

"This is life eternal, to know thee, *the only true God*, and Jesus Christ whom *thou hast sent*." John xvii. 3.

"The wisdom that is from above, is first *pure*, then *peaceable*, *gentle*, and easy to be *intreated*, full of *mercy* and *good fruits*, without *partiality*, and without *hypocrisy*." James iii. 17.

Αλλως τις περι αληθειας λεγει, η αληθεια εαυτην ερμανευει.
It is *one* thing to explain TRUTH, and another to let TRUTH *explain herself*.

A

POETICAL ADDRESS, (OR RATHER *DRESSING*),

INSCRIBED TO THE EDITORS OF THE

BRITISH CRITIC.

JUDGES supreme of authors and their works!
Sitting in state, like persecuting Turks
O'er *christian dogs*, whose vent'rous feet are found
Wand'ring the gloomy mosque's thrice-hallow'd ground;
Or rather, like the *fabled Vampire's brood**,
Which thrive themselves, by *sucking others' blood:*
Ye, who give sentence on each hapless wight,
That, urg'd by poverty, presumes to write;
And, ruthless, earn your own unhallow'd dinners,
By snatching the *scant meal* from scribbling sinners;

* "Vampire's brood."—In the popular superstition of the Irish, the *Vampires* are evil beings which haunt "the solace of the dead," and regale on the blood of newly-interred corpses;

"Lur'd by the scent
Of church-yards drear, (inhuman to relate)
——————————they dig
The shrouded bodies from the grave; o'er which
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl."

Self-constituted lords of wit and sense,
Like Judas, bart'ring *honesty for pence;*
Whose *title-page*, κατ' εξοχην, proclaims
Your *sole dominion* over learning's realms;
And, strange to tell, confines most modestly
All British criticism to your *garrets high:*
Whose eagle-ey'd sagacity perceives
Treasons and plots 'mid Pallet's harmless leaves:
Here sees the "foul fiend" *Jacobin,* and *there*
Detects the vile *Socinian,* bold and bare*.

* That *distant ages* may determine the extent of my uncle's obligations to the editors of the British Critic, (for with Ovid I may say,

Jamque opus exegi (Anglicè *edited*)*: quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,*
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.)

I think it but justice both to *his fame* and *their reputation,* to rescue their remarks from the perishable pamphlet in which they are at present contained, and subjoin them to a work which must necessarily be, *all* but *immortal.* It will probably be considered as a *vile offering* to the *Manes* of my deceased relative, but 'tis all that a poor journeyman-printer has to bestow;

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar INANI
Munere.

"That a tract so very contemptible as this should have engaged much attention, can only be accounted for, from the very prevalent taste for defamation. The writer, by some of his opponents, had been called an infidel; but this edition contains his confession of faith, by which it appears, that he is a *Socinian,* or Rationalist: and like the rest of that tribe, furiously hostile to the established church, and to all who hold any thing more than the curtailed and mutilated faith of their invention. We have very little

Oh ! that my feeble goose-quill were endued
With power to pay that debt of gratitude,
Which criticism such as yours demands
(So just, so learned) from an author's hands !

When first your observations met my eye,
(The united work of your fraternity ;)

doubt in our own minds, who the real author is. Nor have we much more doubt, that though other characters are intermixed, to give liveliness and currency to the satire, the real object of it is, to vilify the established church; and particularly *a man of the highest character*, who has distinguished himself by his able writings in its behalf. The author has, at the same time, no objection to abuse *nobility*, (do the Reverend gentlemen allude to the casual mention of the Right Honourable *Lord Ghastly?*) and even gentry; for Jacobinism is a part of his trade; which, indeed, is generally uited with Socinianism. All this agrees with the person whom we have in our contemplation; but we name him not, for fear of error; and only recommend his publication to that which it deserves, and will doubtless meet, oblivion." Brit. Critic for April 1808. p. 452. When the crude, partial, and interested decisions of nameless reviewers, *men of no where;* literary non-entities; mere temporary creations of the booksellers, (" whose breath can make them, as their breath has made") shall be deemed of value sufficiently ponderous, to outweigh the *solemn verdict* of an English *special jury;* then, but not till then, will the Anti-Jacobin and Brit. Critic be able to convince the public, that *excellence* of *character* may be associated with a *total disregard* to the *obligations* of *justice;* and that the *act* of *deliberate* and *malignant slander* (rendered still more odious from the *sordid motives* which suggested it) is no proof of a man being radically base, mean, and detestable.

Where *decent wit* in every line declares
The *gentlemanly pen* of Rev'rend N——;
And *truth*, and *argument*, and *sense* combin'd,
Mark the *vast powers* of his *mighty mind:*
Where *polish'd sentences*, and *periods smart*,
Display his friends' *confederated art*;
Gods! how I reverenc'd my *uncle's pen*,
Which gain'd the notice of such *learned men!*—
—Had mighty Fate, in its behests, decreed,
That he should live such *wise remarks* to read,
How gladly would that grateful pen have striv'n
To pay some tribute for the praises giv'n!
But since th' inexorable arm of death
Has check'd at once, his goosequill and his breath;
On *me*, his representative, descends
The duty of *requiting* all his *friends.*—
Take then, from *me*, this *boon* so justly due,
Including *you*, and your *admirers* too.—
—Let *Humbug's* crown adorn your *wooden heads*,
Whilst *Folly's cap* shall grace the *fool* that *reads.*

EDITOR.

THE END.

T. Davison, Printer,
Whitefriars.

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